CAVALCADE

SEPTEMBER, 1954

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CAVALCADE

CONTENTS ★ September, 1954

VOL. 20, No. 4

FACT

DARLING OF THE DUKE
Peter Hargraves 4

THE COURAGE OF THE LIMPET-BOMB MEN
Rhys Bradshaw 8

SUPERNATURAL FORCE
Loris Laidlaw 21

THE FATE OF THE SICKLY SQUAW
James Holledge 25

THIS BUSINESS OF DIVORCE
Alan Raymond 36

THEY FOOLED THE EXPERTS
Browning Thompson 41

WHO'D HE EVER BEAT?
Ray Mitchell 45

NEW LIVES FOR OLD
Marcia McEwan 57

PIRATES STRUCK IN TASMANIA
Francis Murray 61

CAESAR'S UNCLE INFLUENCED HISTORY
Spencer Leeming 66

FICTION

LONNIE WAS FORGETFUL
Talmadge Powell 12

THE BIG QUIET FELLOW
D'Arcy Niland 49

PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE
Fletcher Flora 74

FOILED BY TIME
E C. Marshall 90

FEATURES

CRIME CAPSULES 16
PICTURE STORIES 17-19, 33-35, 70-73
POINTERS FOR BETTER HEALTH 32
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH 54-55
STRANGER AND STRANGER 56
QUICK QUIPS 98
CARTOONS 14, 20, 24, 28, 39, 40, 47, 52, 69, 77.

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Editor-in-Chief

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NEXT MONTH

Don't talk about the good old days until you have read the facts, Jonathan Edwards releases some facts in "We're Becoming Soft". You'll be surprised! If you are neurotic you are in good company. But it is better to be normal. "Don't Be Neurotic" is the title; Ray Dovie is the author. Film making in Italy, by one who was recently there—Marcia McEwan. Look for "Hollywood On The Tiber". New Williams tells about the time the Sydney Stadium ring collapsed, and James Holledge comes to light with a good crime article. D'Arcy Niland is at his best with a short story, while Francis Murray contributes another bushranging article.

DARLING OF THE DUKE

PETER HARGRAVES

ONE of the most successful publications of all time was the spicy memoirs of a shrewd, dark-eyed little minx named Mary Anne Clark. For this literary effort, tossed off in less than a week, the businesslike authorities received £7,000 and a life annuity of £400.

As she lived for another 40 years, the annuity made her book an incredibly profitable literary venture. Stranger still is the fact that all this was achieved without the book ever reaching the best-seller lists. Actually, not one copy of it was ever sold.

Mary Anne received her money not from selling the book, but destroying it—all 10,000 copies that had been printed. For three days, in July, 1810, as the volumes were consigned to the flames, a smell of burning paper hung over Salisbury Square, London, where her printer had his shop.

Neighbours complained of the stench, as they called it. But it was nothing to the smell that would have spread over all England had the lady's revelations of her life, loves and follies been made public.

"Interested parties," it was said, provided the cash for the payment to Mary Anne Clarke. They comprised a numerous and representative gathering of the rich and aristocratic young bloods and the wicked and aged roues of the day — from the Duke of York, second son of King George III, down to army officers of rank as humble as captain.

Mary Ann's origins are murky and doubtful. She is believed to have been born in squalid Bowl and Pin Alley, near London's Chancery Lane, in 1776.

Her father, whose name was Thompson, died soon after Mary's birth. She was brought up as the daughter of a compositor named Farquhar, whom her mother married after Thompson's death.

By the time she was 12, Mary Anne caught the eye of Thomas Day, son of the printer who employed her step-father. He wrote poetry to her, sent her to a boarding school, and fathered the two illegitimate children she bore before she was 17.

Day did not have matrimony in view. Accordingly, Mary Anne deserted him for a stone-mason named Daniel Clarke, who did. They were married in 1794. Clarke assumed responsibility for Day's two children and another born to Mary Anne by himself.

Clarke did not last long. A drunkard and a waster, he was sent away by his wife.

Mary Anne became the mistress of a baronet-barrister, Sir James Brudnell. He installed her in a fine country house in Wiltshire, but his absorption in his career soon sickened her of him. Sir James was left in his house — with her three children, whom he had adopted—and Mary Anne returned to London. A succession of profitable affairs followed—with the rank and wealth of her admirers steadily rising.

She thought she had reached the pinnacle of her career with her fifth (some authorities say her sixth) protector. He was wealthy Sir Charles Milner, who set her up in a mansion in London's exclusive Park Lane.

However, fate had an even higher honour for this courtesan. In 1803 she set the seal on her success with the capture of a royal Duke—no less than his Highness, Prince Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, favourite son of George III, and brother of the Prince Regent.

For the love of the beauteous adventuress (whom he "picked up" while promenading at a fashionable beach resort), the Duke was prepared to forsake his faithful, blonde wife, Frederica, the eldest daughter of William II of Prussia and niece of Frederick the Great.

Although they shared the same roof, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess ceased to be such in anything but name soon after dull and tongue-tied Frederick fell under the spell of the vivacious, witty and experienced Mary Anne Clarke.

Frederick — an incurable rake, a confirmed drunkard and an inveterate gambler—paid Mary Anne an income of £1,000 a year. He even promised her an income of £400 a year as a "retiring pension", when his wandering eye should eventually settle on a new and younger charmer.

On her income and other sums she received from her royal lover, Mrs. Clarke lived at a rate of crazy extravagance. She had a town house in Gloucester Place and a country retreat at Weybridge.

She kept 10 horses for her two carriages and employed a staff of 20. Her kitchen alone cost £2,000 to install. Her plate had once belonged to the Duc de Berri; her wine glasses cost two guineas; she thought nothing of paying £500 for a chandelier.

The Duke of York was crazy about her. When apart he wrote her love notes — addressed to "the lovely charmer of my soul", "my dear little

angel", "my sweetest, darling love". All repeated his aching longing to 'return to my love's own white, delicate, encompassing arms".

Mary Anne, for her part, enjoyed the luxury he provided But she could find no inspiration in Frederick as a lover He was 40, hulky and clumsy, possessed of long pelican legs, and so slow-witted that she had to provide him beforehand with a supply of stories, quips and opinions to retail to his dinner guests.

Consequently, Mary Anne looked elsewhere to find a modicum of pleasure as well as duty in her love life. She found it with a number of monied hucks who took her fancy—Lord Folkestone, Colonel Gwyllym Wardle and Captain Cuthbert Gronow

After about three years, Frederick's ardour began to cool—either because of rumours he heard about his rivals or because of his own attraction to the charms of a certain Mrs. Cary The time had come, he decided, to place Mary Anne on the "retired" pension of £400. His mistress took the news calmly

She set up business with a special office in London, staffed by her footman, for the purpose of selling commissions in the army.

Her trafficking in army commissions became so extensive that she even installed in her office a notice listing her price schedule The rates were: £900 for a major, £700 for a captain, £400 for a lieutenant and £200 for an ensign.

At the time, the sale of commissions was a recognised practice. It was conducted by Frederick, Duke of York, as part of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army. The cash, however, was supposed to go to the Half-Pay Fund, for the benefit of army widows and orphans. The official rates were much stiffer than Mary Anne's. They ranged from a substantial £2,600 for a major to £400 for an ensign.

Of course, when Mrs Clarke sold a commission, she still had to obtain Frederick's signature on the necessary documents. But she still held influence with her former lover and thus obtained his signatures The Duke either did not know what he was signing, or did not want to know. Any money that Mary Anne was able to make meant that her demands on him were so much less. Later, apparently realising what a good thing she was on, he fell behind with payment of her promised £400 a year.

All went well until 1809. Then one of Mary Anne's admirers, Colonel Wardle (a staunch friend and supporter of Edward, Duke of Kent, Frederick's younger brother and virtual enemy), conceived the idea of using her trafficking in army commissions as a weapon against the Duke of York.

A proposition was put to Mary Anne Clark. When the offer rose to a tempting level (£5,000 in cash, the settlement of all her debts and the complete re-furnishing of her house), she cheerfully agreed to double-cross her former royal lover

On January 27, Wardle, Radical member for Oakhampton, rose in the House of Commons and denounced the Duke of York for his corruption and abuse of his position as Commander-in-Chief

The scandal reverberated through England. A Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry was ordered It sat for seven weeks, and Mary Anne, the Duke's one-time darling, was the star of the show.

In elegant bonnets and gowns, she appeared day after day and captured with her aplomb, wit and charm both the 60 members of the House and the crowds who crammed the galleries.

Nothing disturbed her. She admitted the sale of commissions and brazenly detailed her loves She read some of the hapless Frederick's letters, and the juicy details of their affair were handled from one end of London to the other.

Children in the streets tossing pennies began calling "Duke or Darling", instead of "Heads or Tails". Mary Anne was deluged with profitable invitations

However, the inquiry was not so much concerned with the peccadilloes of Mary Anne Clarke as to whether the Duke of York had been personally involved in the grafting. Mindful of earning the bribes she had received from his enemies, his former mistress did her best to damn him.

"His Highness told me that if I was clever I should never want for money," was one of the sly little asides she contrived to insert in the evidence.

That the Duke of York had known what was going on seems obvious However, his counsel skilfully stressed the possibility that Mary Anne, "a woman scorned", was seeking revenge.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 278 to 196, absolved the Duke of blame in the affair. The public, however were not so easily satisfied.

The weight of their adverse opinion forced his resignation as Commander-in-Chief.

Mary Anne Clarke was still eager to turn a dishonest penny for herself. The following year, she took up her pen and wrote the whole story of her life.

Many male hearts fluttered apprehensively at the tidings. A meeting was held of the "interested parties". Word was conveyed of their handsome offer for its suppression.

Mrs. Clarke did not hesitate. As soon as the money was in her itching hands, and she was satisfied that payment of the life annuity of £400 was assured, she ordered the printer to burn every copy of the book

She received more cash from the Duke of York three years later for the return of his simpering letters

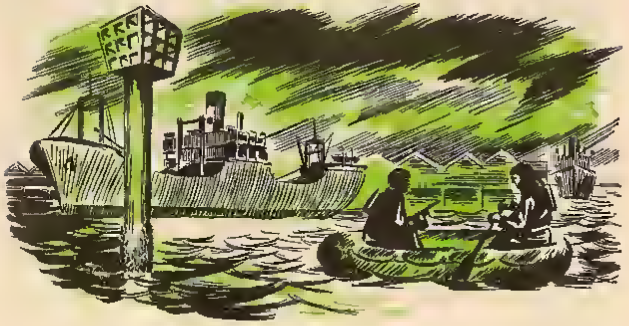
In 1816, her money-hunger brought her into contempt in the fashionable world, she left England for the Continent. She was 40, but still attractive and financially secure.

She settled in Paris, where she became an "institution" with visiting English rakes eager for fun without the possibility of gossip At 50 she was still able to capture a youthful peer (Lord Londonderry) for a lover.

Mary Anne Clarke lived on into her 70's. She died at Boulogne on June 21, 1852. As one historian has said: "She died as she had been born, not by any standards a lady."

Deserted by her husband for Mary Anne.

THE COURAGE OF THE LIMPET-BOMB MEN



It was a suicide job the Royal Marines had to do but they meant to do it if it cost their lives.

RHYS BRADSHAW

THERE was a war, remember? And out of the well of its evil years came a host of stories of incredible adventure, tremendous courage and great heroism. Some are forgotten. Some will never be known. They're not in the official archives, not in the newspaper files; they are unrecorded. They're no more than somebody's memories, or hearsay tales from the tongues of strangers. You pick them up on the train ride to Cairns, in a Sussex Street pub, on the banks of the Darling, in the kiosk down the lane—anywhere where men gather to talk.

This is not true of the epic limpet-bomb men — they and their deeds have been written into history — but it could well be, for these men and their achievements have taken on the unreal quality of folklore, the significance of storybook tradition.

There was only a small handful of them, and their names do not matter.

It was the third year of the struggle, and the Reich was posing a solid problem. France was in Nazi hands, and fast cargo boats were heating the Allied blockade to unload tens of thousands of tons of material at the port of Bordeaux to fatten and energise the German war machine. The Allies could not spare bombing planes, and the cargo ships could outrun any submarine. Yet something had to be done.

Military and naval chiefs had offered suggestions and devised methods, but none seemed practicable. Then one day a Royal Marine officer, Captain H. G. Hasler, sought an audience with Lord Louis Mountbatten, chief of Combined Operations. Sneak boats, Hasler said, small sneak boats were the only answer to the problem, and went on to detail his plan. Mountbatten listened intently, thought for several minutes, then accepted the fantastic idea.

'We can only give it a try, anyway," he said.

It might have been the remark of a desperate man. Those in the know considered it a foolhardy scheme doomed from the start; others thought it had a more fitting place in the imaginative ravings of Jules Verne.

Hasler was placed in charge of the expedition, which was known as Operation Frankton, and he went to work promptly and ruthlessly. He picked thirty marines. For the most part they were small, weedy men, deliberately chosen because they were the kind whom life had kicked around enough to develop in them the courage and the will to see a job through. Some of them couldn't swim; some didn't even know one end of a canoe from another.

The training they underwent at Portsmouth Naval Base was so tough it made the manoeuvres of commandos seem like fun and frolics. They learned how to paddle noiselessly. They were shown how to climb back into a canoe without capsizing it. This had to be done in pitch blackness, in heavy seas, in sleet and storm. They were weighted at the hips with lead belts and compelled to submerge themselves; through a tube clamped between their teeth passed oxygen from a submarine escape contraption. They practised sneak manoeuvres along the heavily-guarded entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. All the time Hasler resolutely weeded out the failures. After six months of this gruelling training he had his men and he was ready to strike.

It was on December 1, on a submarine at sea, that the men learned for the first time where they were going and what they had to do. Hasler explained that there would be no submarine waiting for them after they completed their task. The initiative lay with them. Scuttle the canoes, he told them, and get to Spain across France. The French underground would help.

The submarine surfaced off the mouth of the Gironde six days later. The ten saboteurs lined up. Their hands and faces were blackened, their Royal Marine fatigues mottled in camouflage. Adeptly, they dropped their special-type collapsible canoes overside and followed. The canoes were named Catfish, Coalfish, Cuttlefish, Conger and Crayfish. Two men went to a boat, and each man was armed with a Colt pistol, a commando knife, a grenade, and a black whistle, which made a gull-like sound. In the boats were limpet bombs, rations, compass, spare paddles, a bailer and Sten gun fitted with a silencer.

These were the soldiers of the cockleshells, and their orders were to enter Bordeaux Harbour on a mission of destruction.

The night was freezing. Water slopped icily into the boats as they approached the entrance to the estuary. Spray crystallised on the kayak-

like decks. The first hazard was the tiderace. It was swift and turbulent. Four boats crossed it Coalfish was lost.

In the estuary itself another tide-race overturned Conger.

Hasler, in Catfish, saw the faces of the floating half-frozen men.

'There's no hope of taking you aboard," he called.

'Never mind us. Go on."

'Get a grip of Catfish," Hasler commanded "Hang on."

While they clung to the little boat, Hasler and his mate Sparkes paddled it shorewards They got to within a hundred yards of the beach when Hasler turned to the men and said "We'll have to leave you now."

The three boats went on, swiftly, silently. In the revolving beam from the lighthouse, Hasler saw the fortified shore He saw something else, too—something that made him utter a sharp oath. There were four patrol vessels He had been told there would be only one. There was nothing to do but go on.

Dexterously, he got his cockle between the first patrol ship and the mole. Crayfish followed. They looked back. There was no sign of Cuttlefish. The cry of gulls came from the whistles. There was no response.

Two boats left and four men, and the job still ahead of them.

When dawn came the men secreted themselves on a small island They hid their canoes in the brush, and under camouflage netting three slept while Hasler watched. He woke them There was the sound of voices They saw thirty French fishermen around a campfire eating breakfast.

Hasler gave an order, and while the three men covered him with Sten guns he approached the party.

They greeted one another, and Hasler said: 'Where are we?"

"You are on the edge of a fishing settlement."

"Did you see any saboteurs about here?"

"No, we have not seen any."

'There are some, and they have a vital job to do. It would be too bad if they were caught."

"The French can keep a secret," one of the fishermen said

Hasler was satisfied All day the Marines stayed there, not without anxiety, for not two hundred yards away a gang of German soldiers were working on a dike. Hasler and his men prayed for night to come without discovery. They were lucky. As soon as it was dark enough, they went on, but next morning when Hasler went ashore, looking for another hiding place, he stumbled onto a Nazi ack-ack station The sentry was asleep. What incredible good fortune. It would most certainly have been the end of him. He sneaked back and the men spent the rest of the day under camouflage nets in their canoes.

Two nights and a day later Hasler and his bravos were waiting hidden in tall reeds near the harbour of Bordeaux. The daylight dragged away and night sifted like smoke into the sky. Betokening the security of the strongbold, the harbour lights flashed on with all their peacetime brilliance. Ships were being busily unloaded. Men moved efficiently. Winches rattled. Masthead cluster lamps lit up the scenes

Nobody suspected that there was danger around, watching, waiting.

Hasler and his men had to avoid the lighted waters. They drifted just inshore, creeping on the tide while they reconnoitred.

"Okay, men," Hasler said "This is it."

He gave the order to fuse limpets. The men took sixteen bombs and set them to go off in nine hours. Then they shook hands, and the two boats parted.

"There's our baby," Hasler nodded, and Sparkes looked at a ship heavy with cargo, low in the water.

He grinned "It's a choice one, sir."

Slowly, they drifted towards the prize Hasler fixed the limpet on a long pole and moved it quietly underwater He waited for the pull It came. He felt the vessel's steel side grasp and tug at the limpet's powerful magnet and hold it firm like a lethal barnacle below the water line He fixed three limpets altogether, one under the bow, one under the stern and one under the engine-room amidships.

They crept on to the next ship, and working with uncanny skill and in utter silence fixed two limpets Suddenly, just as they had completed the task, a funnel of light hit the water Sparkes and Hasler froze. The sentry on board was shining his torch on them Expecting a hail of bullets to tear into their bodies they waited, swallowing their spit. The light disappeared

What did that sentry think he saw, wondered Hasler. How did the camouflaged canoe, with its hooded and black-handed, black faced figures appear to him? The sentry couldn't have been certain what he saw, if he saw anything, but Hasler heard him walking the deck in time with the edging drift of their boat alongside. They waited twenty minutes under the overhang of the stern; then drifted on to the next ship.

This ship lay alongside another. Hasler took a chance and went through the lane between the two ships It was just a slice of space between tall walls of steel Unexpectedly, the swell brought the ships together. Sparkes thrust out with the paddle, just saving them from being crushed to death

A tanker, another cargo ship, and the task was finished. They were on their way out to the open sea. There was a splash in the darkness. Sparkes and Hasler lifted their Colts. In a minute, to their immense relief, the Crayfish came alongside. Her crew reported that they had two ships in the bag That meant six of the twelve blockade runners — the other six were at sea — were doomed, provided all went well

The men scuttled their canoes, and in keeping with the escape plan, went off in pairs. Helped, as prearranged, by the French underground, Hasler and Sparkes went across the Pyrenees to Spain, thence Gibraltar, arriving in London five months after that grim night's work.

They had to wait until after the war to learn that the Crayfish crew had been captured by the Germans and shot, along with five other members of the expedition. The tenth man was drowned But they had to wait only a few hours to learn that Operation Frankton had been completely successful — the six enemy ships had been sunk.

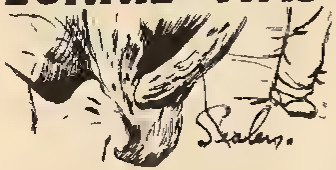
WOMAN AND MAN

How unreliable woman are—
They stand you up and let you down,
Whether they come from near or far—
From city, bush, or country town,
They put your head in a whirl—
What burdens men must carry!
Still, he must wed some girl—
What else is there to marry?

—RAY-ME

TALMADGE POWELL

LONNIE WAS FORGETFUL



FICTION

Lonnie was a very forgetful boy; he might take days to get the police; and the captives might die — of wounds or hunger.

COBB and Lonnie found the body in the palmetto thicket. As they came upon it, an obscene vulture reared its head, it's beak dripping.

"Buzzards!" Lon said. Cobb tried to keep the pale, thin boy back, but Lon darted forward and flailed a pine-knot as the awkward bird wheeled up, wings creaking and slapping in the muggy silence. With a guttural cry of rage, Lon flung up his arm. The pine knot slapped the bird's head sharply and it toppled heavily almost at the feet of the panting boy.

Cobb had hardly been aware of Lon's killing of the buzzard. He couldn't drag his eyes from the body the killers had left to the vultures on the bank of the sluggish Everglades creek. The killers had stripped the body of every means of identification, but the filthy birds had left enough on the fine young frame of bones to show Cobb it was his eldest son, Brad.

He forced himself to stand quietly in the sweltering heat, his twelve-gauge shotgun on the crook of his arm. Agony burned through him like fever. He had known something was wrong when Brad had come running home, not frightened, but tight-lipped and determined. He had pleaded with Brad, but Brad wouldn't talk much about it, even when the fat man, Ed Slavirey, and his wizened companion, Skins Regger, had shown up at the farm. Trouble, bad trouble, had followed Brad home, and now the boy lay dead—left like an animal carcass to the sun and the vultures.

Cobb worked, sweating and silent, digging a grave as deeply as he could in the soggy muck. Once he looked up through blurred eyes and saw Lonnie dragging the dead vulture toward the grave. Not a butterfly to chase this time. Something new for Lonnie. A wave of revulsion crept hot through Cobb. "Throw the thing away, Lon," he said.

Lonnie frowned and dropped the bird, came away from it, although his eyes coveted it across his shoulder.

Lon looked up, his eyes bright. He motioned to Cobb. "Tracks!" Lon cried.

Cobb moved. He stared at the place where Lon pointed. If there were footprints they were too faint for Cobb's strained eyes.

He looked at the sunbaked sand that told him nothing. But the excitement in Lon't pale eyes communicated itself to him and he felt his blood running fast.

"Follow them, Lon!"

Lon ran about in the grass and palmettos as Cobb watched him. The boy moved off north along the creek and, the sense of urgency rising over the grief in him, Cobb followed.

Soon Cobb saw that Lon had forgotten. The boy was playing with a stick in the creek. Clutching his gun against his side, Cobb said gently, "The tracks, Lonnie."

Lonnie grinned and bobbed his head. Cobb had always been obliged to let the boy wander, days at a time, in the hot, silent stretches of the glades. Lonnie wandered despite all Cobb could do about it. Lonnie was happy, and that's what counted in Cobb's book. Neighbours and Indians knew the boy and watched out for him, and he always came home about the time Cobb was exhausted searching for him; for Lonnie always eventually remembered where he lived, what he was about.

Cobb figured it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they came to Cal Drudger's muck farm. When they reached a mangrove thicket, Lon came running back to Cobb.

"They hid in the mangroves."

"Good boy, Lonnie."

Slipping his arm about his son's shoulders, Cobb could feel the boniness under the sweaty shirt. "I'm right proud of you, boy. Will you go home now? Straight home?"

"Sure mike," Lonnie said, pleased at his father's approbation.

Cobb watched Lonnie hurry off across the flats. It was a long way, and there'd be no one to remind Lonnie. He might not be home for days, but at least out there in the land Lonnie knew so well, the boy was safer than he would be here.

In a crouch, Cobb moved out of the shielding mangroves. He pushed the safety off his heavy shotgun as he ran across the deep black furrows of plowed ground toward Drudger's shack.

Outside the window, Cobb held his breath and listened.

He heard Slavirey's thick, bloated voice from the dining table. "I told you to bring me more to eat."

Cobb remembered the way the man had impressed him. Slavirey's hunger was psychopathic, voracious, far beyond the needs even of his great hulk. He had to be eating, eating all the time.

Pulling himself up to window level, Cobb peered into the grey room. Slavirey was like a mound of grease at the table, with Vera Drudger gaunt, defiant and frightened be-

fore him. Regger, thin and deadly, the fat man's sidekick, had a .38 laid on the table. He was watching Cal Drudger, who was like a compressed spring on a straight chair against the wall.

Cobb thrust the gun into the room ahead of him

Regger snapped the .38 around as Cobb came through the window.

Without even aiming, Cobb pressed off the first trigger. The big double barrel bloomed fire. Regger screamed. The .38 bumped on the floor, and everybody in the room stared at the ragged mess Regger now wore at the end of his right sleeve.

"I reckon," Cobb said, "you'd better tell me about the killing of my boy Brad if you ever hope to save that hand."

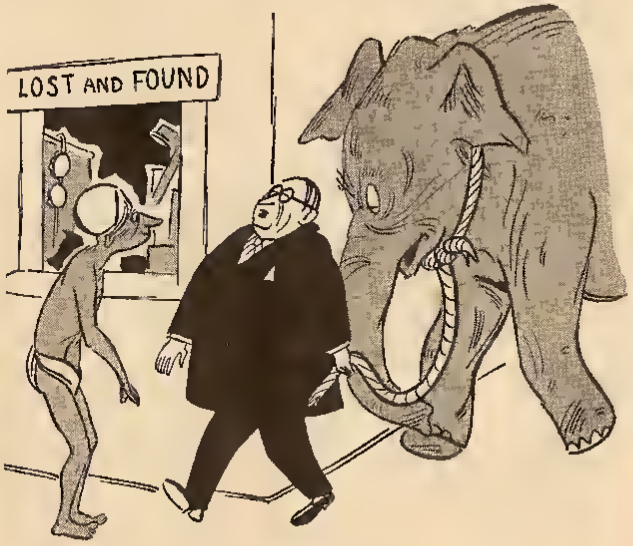
"You got us wrong," Regger said, his face, his whole body, shaking.

"I got you dead to rights," Cobb corrected. "Brad left with you. You killed him because you're a pair of big city syndicate killers. I know he was mixed up with you and that he crossed you. That means a killing in your book, don't it?"

"You can't prove a thing," Slavirey whispered.

"I'll prove plenty," Cobb said. "When you gunned my boy, you figured a quick run back to your kind of civilization.

"But the marshland trapped you, wrecked your car, left you afoot. And Regger here is going to tell me about how it happened, ain't you, Regger?"



"This it?"

Cobb waited, cold and implacable. The silence in the shack echoed the wheezing of Regger's breathing. "That's your life messing up Drudger's floor," Cobb reminded, almost gently. "You'd better admit I've guessed this whole thing right."

"It wasn't my idea." Regger's voice was a muffled scream. "Slavirey bossed it all."

"All right," Cobb said. "Miz Drudger, get some iodine and we'll see if we can keep him from dying of blood poisoning or bleeding to death."

Slavirey exuded his thick lidded hate for Regger as Cal Drudger's wife fetched iodine. Regger screamed as the raw medicine hit the wound. The woman whitened but bandaged the wound stolidly.

Then Cobb prodded the pair ahead of him across Drudger's clearing. In twenty minutes Regger was staggering. The fat man mumbled a hope that Regger would die. Cobb's prodding gun kept Regger going.

Regger fell twice before they crossed the bare yard to Cobb's empty smokehouse.

The corrugated tin roof of the smokehouse reflected the last rays of the afternoon sun. Cobb called for Lonnie, but there was no answer. The boy had forgotten. He was probably playing some game of his own in the marshes.

"All right," Cobb told them. "Inside."

Slavirey waddled in and Cobb shoved Regger after him. Regger stumbled on the floor, and lay panting against the greasy boards.

Across the yard, Cobb recognized Lonnie's ambling shuffle. Cobb smiled with relief, and then his face blanched.

Lon was dragging the vulture he'd killed beside Brad's grave.

Cobb kept his voice gentle. "I want you to go for the police, Lonnie. Will you do that for me?"

"Sure mike!" Eagerly, Lonnie bobbed his head. He dropped the huzzard at his father's feet and raced bent-shouldered across the yard. But Cobb saw the boy had already slowed before he reached the line of trees down by the road.

Slavirey wiped away the sweat and looked about the narrow, dark oven of a room. "How long will it take him?" he whined.

Cobb looked up at him. "Lon's memory ain't good," Cobb replied. "It might take a day if he don't forget. It might take a week—"

"A week!" Regger wailed from the floor.

"Lon's a good boy, and he'll get there," Cobb said. "Anybow, I can't go. He's all I got to send. You men might dig out, with me gone."

In his face was invitation for either of them to try to dig out while he sat there, waiting with his shotgun.

Regger slumped against the floor and wept. Finally, he lifted his head.

"Water?" he muttered. "Who'll give us water?"

"I'll get you water."

Slavirey's face was a melting moon of fat. His gluttonous mouth worked. He dragged a thick wet tongue across his mouth.

"And food," he wheedled. "I take a lot of food."

Cobb's hand tightened on the door. "I dunno about food," he replied. His eyes moved to the tattered vulture in the sand. A sudden change worked across his face, turning it to ice. He picked up the vulture, and with revulsion strong in his features, he backhanded it into the smokehouse.

His gaze lifted, and his shoulders went back. "I'll see if I can fetch you a little salt," he said.

And Cobb slammed the solid smokehouse door.

Crime Capsules

A.W.L

A burglary at Leihnitz, Austria, was traced to a group of prisoners in the local gaol. They were in the habit of breaking out nightly, meeting their wives and fiancees and returning to gaol before dawn. All the comforts of home with no rent to pay.

SWINDLER

Whitaker Wright, although always Wright, was not on the right side of the law. He has become known as one of the biggest swindlers in the history of England. Between 1889 and 1903 he floated 42 "gold mining companies in Australia" and made millions of pounds. By inducing members of the nobility to become stockholders and directors and by duping them with faked financial statements, Wright built a vast and highly profitable empire—on paper. When it collapsed, 91 per cent. of its £20,000,000 capitalisation was found to be water. Upon being convicted of fraud and given a sentence of seven years, Wright swallowed cyanide of potassium and died before he could be removed from the court room.

LABELS

Men and women convicted of a crime in the Massuchusetts Bay Colony in the early 1700s were flogged or made to serve time in gaol or in the stocks. Then they were subjected to another punishment; for a certain period they had to bear, on the sleeve or chest, a large letter cut from a scarlet cloth. Besides branding the person as a criminal, the letter indicated the type of crime committed, just as the letter L on a car denotes that the driver is a learner. For example. A stood for adultery, B for blasphemy, D for drunkenness, F for forgery, I for incest, P for poisoning, R for rape, T for theft. However, the law was so inhuman that it was repealed after a short time.

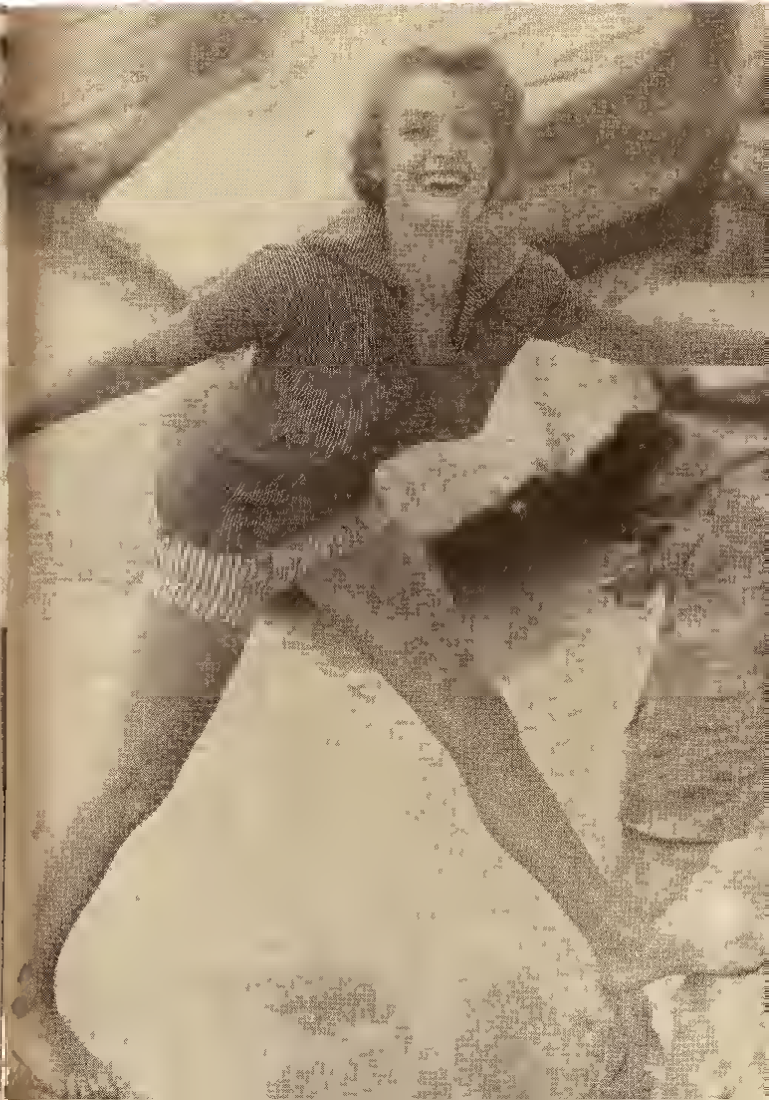
WOMEN

Judge Richard Austin of Chicago, attacked women jurors recently. He said they had returned ridiculous verdicts. He further stated that it was a civic duty for all men to serve on juries when summoned. He was quoted: "It's amazing to me that 12 women could agree on anything."

Well now, that judge may have something. Maybe he had had experience before of women's meetings.

Pat unlimbered herself from the rocks and sat on the stone wall of the dam. Pat is one of our top models and here you can see why. Those stripes are effective, aren't they?

What's the matter, Pat—afraid to get your feet wet? "No," she laughs, "but you know the old saying, 'still waters run deep.' Besides, I don't want to get my stripes wet."



"DINNER!"

"How did I know?"

SUPERNATURAL FORCE

LORIS LAIDLAW

No matter how the coffins were placed in the vault they were moved. There was no sign of human interference.

FOR the past 130 years the walls of many of the more superstitious inhabitants of the British island of Barbados have contained a request that they not be interred "in the haunted vault".

Their wishes are given the utmost respect by the Barbados authorities because some of the world's foremost investigators of psychic phenomena have been baffled by the events surrounding the eerie vault in the churchyard of Christ Church, overlooking St. Oistin's Bay

The vault was erected in the 1700's by (as the inscription reads) the "sorrowful widow (nee Elizabeth Walrond) of the Hon. James Elliot who was snatched away from us the 14th day of May, Anno Domini 1724." But curiously enough, the first recorded interment there was that of Mrs. Thomasine Goddard, in 1807. Sir J. E. Alexander reported in 1833 in his TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES on of the curious happenings after this first coffin was placed there.

After Mrs. Goddard's coffin was put in position two others were deposited there, one in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase, and another in 1812, Miss D. Chase. Everything was in order in the vault when these coffins were placed there. But when, later in 1812, it was opened to receive the body of the Hon. T. Chase, the other

three coffins were found in a confused state, turned on their sides, or upside down. They were put right and the vault again sealed. But when later it was opened to take the body of an infant, the coffins, of heavy lead, except that of Mrs. Goddard, were strewn around the floor. Such was the case again in 1816 when a Mr. Brewster died and once more in 1819 when a Mr. Clarke was placed there. There was no apparent answer to the problem and after publication of the report in England, it received the attention of some great minds, among whom was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a keen investigator of phenomena of this type.

But after many years of research, they were all forced to admit that it was the work of some supernatural force of which no one knew anything.

Many theories were advanced attempting to account for the movement of the coffin by some purely natural energy. Among these was that they were moved by earthquakes. But there were no vibrations recorded in the particular period which would move heavy coffins. And it was only in this particular vault that the coffins had been moved. In the others in the churchyard, everything was as it should have been.

Some said that the vault was periodically flooded and that the coffins floated. But this was not possible as it was on the top of a hill and the floor was only two feet below ground level.

A case of a floating leaden coffin *WAS* reported in the London Evening post of May 16, 1751. It told of how the captain of a German ship picked up a floating coffin at sea six weeks after it had been buried, at low tide, in the Goodwin Sands.

Scouring of the tide had uncovered it and its slight buoyancy had taken it to the surface. But this theory in regard to the Barbados vault is not feasible — the vault is too shallow.

Another theory was that someone entered the vault and moved the caskets. This was discounted because on each occasion after the first discovery the entrance, closed by a huge slab of blue Devon marble, requiring seven men to move it, had been sealed securely and stamped by various government officials. Sand and ashes had also been scattered on the floor so that it would record any footprints. But there were never any signs of an intruder or intruders. The walls, roof and floor were sounded for secret passages, but none found.

Lord Combermere was Governor of Barbados in 1820 when the case of the moving coffins came to a head and had, indeed succeeded in well and truly scaring the wits out of most of the island's population. Combermere was a man of valour—he had fought with Wellington through the Peninsular War — and was not one to take spirits or anything put down to them seriously unless there was something to it. But after repeatedly finding the vault, with his private seals unbroken on the entrance, in a state of confusion, he ordered the seven coffins it then contained to be removed.

He publicly announced that he was convinced there was no trickery and that the case was above his powers as Governor or man to solve.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, after spending a great amount of time inspecting the vault and working on possible theories, finally came forward with three rather fantastic "possible" causes of the phenomena. The first was that the movements were the result of forces unknown which desired the more speedy decomposition of the bodies. He claimed that this explained the particular violence shown against the coffins with the lead casings, while the wooden one of Mrs. Goddard was left untouched on all occasions. He pointed out that eventually the desired result was obtained when the coffins were buried elsewhere, after 1820.

Secondly he believed it possible that the physical force necessary to move the coffins was derived in some manner from the "effluvia" of the overheated Negroes who were employed in carrying the coffins into the vault. This "effluvia" was necessarily retained in the confined space of the hermetically sealed vault, he said.

Thirdly, he stated that the disturbances could have been facilitated or even occasioned by the presence in the vault of the corpses of two persons who had committed suicide. "There is some evidence," he said, "that when a life has been cut short before it has reached the God-appointed term, whether the cause be murder or suicide . . . there remains a store of unused vitality which may, where the circumstances are favourable, work itself off in capricious and irregular ways. This, I admit, is a provisional theory, but it has been forced on my mind by many considerations . . ."

Thomas and Dorcas Chase died by their own hands, the daughter having starved herself to death owing to her father's cruelty.

Doyle claimed that the effluvia was used by the spirits of the corpses in the same manner as a spiritualist uses some medium to communicate with the souls of corpses.

His third theory was supported by many, refuted by many more. Dozens of investigators into the supernatural came forward and claimed that psychic phenomena were almost invariably connected in some way with people of strong emotions who had met with a premature or violent death.

Yet another theory, in spite of the evidence to prove that no one could possibly have entered the vault during the period of the disturbances, was that the Negro slaves of Thomas Chase entered to take revenge on their ruthless master. Who ever heard of a superstitious Negro entering a burial vault, as it would necessarily have been, at night? In any case the coffins were intact and no attempts had been made to open them.

But no one yet has been able to put forward a theory even verging on the credible, by the standards of logic as we know it.

Parallel cases of coffins being disturbed in vaults have been recorded but they have either been put down to vandalism or the flooding of the chambers.

An interesting instance is that which happened at Arensburg, on the island of Oesel, in the Baltic Sea in 1844. A peasant woman, visiting the grave of a relative, tied up her horse to the cemetery railing near the vault of the Buxhoewden family, which

A postman in England, who covered his route on foot, always cut through the paddocks from one village to the next. One day a stranger saw him running across a paddock with a bull at his heels. The postie reached the fence and threw himself over, just beating the bull's horns. The stranger looked at him as he sat gasping and said: "He almost got you that time." The postman looked up and answered: "He almost gets me every time."

contained about a dozen coffins. When she returned, she found her horse in a state of collapse. She reported this but nothing was done about it until a month or so later when the same thing happened to a group of horses tethered in about the same position. The vault was opened and the coffins, also of lead, were found scattered all over the floor. Precautions were taken similar to those of the Barbados case and guards were placed on the door after order had been restored. Three days later an inspection revealed the same chaos. None of the theorists could advance any ideas which took into account the actions of the horses outside the vault.

The Buxhoewden case is so similar to that of the Barbados vault that investigators have found themselves nonplussed and possibly no true explanation will ever be forthcoming, except the vague citing of some supernatural force. All the natural causes possible have been exhausted and they are left up against a brick wall.

But whatever we may think of the truth of the almost innumerable cases of supernatural phenomena, it is undeniable that above all seems to stand an apparent link—the incidents are connected with persons of strong emotions and premature and violent death. This supports to some extent the idea of the presence of the two suiciders in the Barbados vault having something to do with the disturbances there.

And there is another thing which some people may think has a bearing on the apparent spiritual gremlins cavorting about the Barbados vault—the nearby church was destroyed by a hurricane in 1831, 11 years after the coffins were removed from the vault. Another church was built there in 1835 but just 100 years later it was burned to the ground. It has been replaced by another.

"Dear, why don't you read the paper at breakfast, like other husbands?"

THE FATE OF THE SICKLY SQUAW

JAMES HOLLEDGE

The death list mounted until the Mounties sent two men to bring in the chief and medicine men.

PECEQUAN, medicine man of the Salteaux tribe of Red Indians was worried. A horrible, consuming fear gripped every man and woman in the tribe.

Camped at their winter hunting grounds at Sandy Lake in the far northern territory of Canada's Hudson Bay Company, the young braves skulked in their birch bark lodges or before their tiny spluttering campfires. They were afraid to leave the camp, the protection of the tribe, they were afraid to venture forth and hunt the moose and game on which the tribe depended for food. The winter of 1906 was approaching. Starvation faced the Salteaux.

The cause of this furore of fear lay on a spruce bed in a lodge set apart from the others. Her name was Sap-was-te. She had been tall, supple, beautiful. Now her body was gaunt and emaciated from illness and lack of nourishment. Racked with fever, she screamed and raved in delirium.

Only six months before, in the spring, she had been the shy and innocent 18-year-old bride of Pecequan's own son. Many had sought the favours of the comely Sap-was-te. All had been repulsed until she was ready to let the man of her choice lead her to his father's wigwam.

Now all was changed. Sap-was-te had become sick. As such, in the eyes of the Salteaux, she was abhorrent, unclean, a thing to be shunned and left in a lonely bark lodge without care, attention or enough food to maintain life.

Even her grief-stricken husband listened to the warnings of Pecequan and left her alone. The medicine man had decided that the sick woman was possessed of evil spirits. He ordered everyone to keep away from her. At any moment, she might turn "Weendigo", or cannibal, and devour the first person she got her hands on.

For days the medicine man had tried to combat the evil spirits. He howled, danced and beat tom-toms near her body, hoping that the din would drive them away. It had been to no avail. Sap-was-te was still prostrated with fever.

The virtual ruler of the tribe, 70-year-old Pecequan was the high priest of the spirits the Indians worshipped in the rivers and forests round them. With his powargan, or medicine bag, and offerings of tobacco, cloth and food, he tried to appease the other evil spirits (or manitous) whom the Indians feared.

But something had apparently gone wrong. The offerings could not have been satisfactory lately. The manitous had taken possession of Sap-waste, his own daughter-in-law.

To the pagan mind of Pecequan, there was only one course if the tribe was to be saved—from the disaster of the evil spirits spreading to others and from the danger of wholesale death by starvation.

Pecequan ordered the young chief of the Salteaux, Mistainninew to call a council of the headmen of the tribe. He announced to them that Sap-waste must die to propitiate the evil spirits.

The headmen realised the danger. The merciless winter was at hand. Instead of hiding fearfully in their lodges, all the men of the tribe should be out hunting food for the long months ahead. Nevertheless, they did not want to kill the lovely Sap-was-te.

Pecequan was ordered to make one last effort to call up his own good spirits to drive out the manitous infesting the sick squaw.

The medicine man retired to the depths of the forest and built his own "chi-si-kan", or medicine lodge, of poles and skins. Around it, as spectators, crept the whole tribe — the braves furtive and frightened, the women clutching papooses and hiding their heads and faces with shawls.

Before the single small opening left in the side of the medicine lodge, there squatted Pecequan's apprentice. With a tom-tom, he began the ceremony, lightly touching it to attract his master's good spirits.

Pecequan then came up, carrying a length of rope. With it his feet were tied and his hands bound behind his back. The apprentice placed a rattle in the medicine man's hands. He bobbled into the lodge. The opening was covered behind him.

All that day and the following night, Pecequan remained in the medicine lodge, trying to invoke his spirits. All the while, the pulsing rhythm of his assistant's tom-tom poured forth outside. The medicine man's voice, and rattle, could be heard keeping time to the tom-tom.

Suddenly all was still and quiet. The spirits had arrived.

Then the voice of Pecequan could be heard. He was talking with them, but in a language the Indians did not understand. Seemingly from the sky outside came an answer. It was a thin frightening wail, but it apparently made conversation with the medicine man. Questions were asked and answered.

Finally the ghostly wail ceased. Dawn was breaking over the scene as Pecequan—his eyes staring as in a trance, his body bathed in perspiration, his arms and legs free—emerged from the lodge. Gentle hands helped him to a couch of brush. Squaws bathed his face and soothed him until he was strong enough to stand.

Then to the assembled tribe he announced that the ceremony had failed. His spirits regretted they were unable to free Sap-was-te from the evil manitous possessing her.

There was no alternative now but death for the stricken Sap-was-te.

Pecequan busied himself with mysterious and secret rites for some hours. Then he called on Chief Mistainninew to select two braves to assist him.

While the chief scoured the camp to choose from his cowering followers these two executioners, Pecequan entered the wigwam of Sap-was-te. Presently two small holes appeared in opposite walls of the bark covering. Through them a stout cord was pushed and dangled down to the ground.

Mistainninew came up, pushing two terror-stricken youths known at the local trading post — 200 miles away at Island Lake — as "Angus Rae" and "Norman Fiddler", because their own names were unpronounceable. Each took an end of the rope dangling from Sap-was-te's lodge. To the beat of the tom-tom, each stepped back and pulled with all his might. Inside, the sick girl, around whose neck the cord was fixed, was strangled to death.

That night, the body of the dead girl was wrapped in skins, taken far into the forest and buried in a shallow grave. In case the evil spirits might still be attracted to her and resurrect the body to life, a long sharp stake was driven right through it into the grave.

Concerted wailing and shouting by all the tribe continued through the night to frighten the hovering spirits away altogether. Sap-was-te's lodge was burned to ashes by Pecequan as a final precaution.

The following winter proved much worse than usual. Large snowfalls prevented the Salteaux setting many animal traps. Bad luck also dogged them. Even the fish seemed to elude their nets. Their best moose hunter killed himself in a fit of depression over unrequited love. The tribe was on the verge of starvation.

When a party of them arrived at the trading post at Island Lake in December, 1906, to exchange their furs for stores, they had only about a quarter of their usual catch. The factor complained because it was not enough even to pay for their debts for previous goods.

The Salteaux braves related a string of misfortunes that had befallen them. One of them let slip his opinion that the killing of Sap-was-te was a mistake and had enraged the spirits.

Perturbed at this news of murder, the factor, "Big Bill" Campbell, decided to report it to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Norway House on the far-off Nelson River.

Pecequan, the medicine man killer.

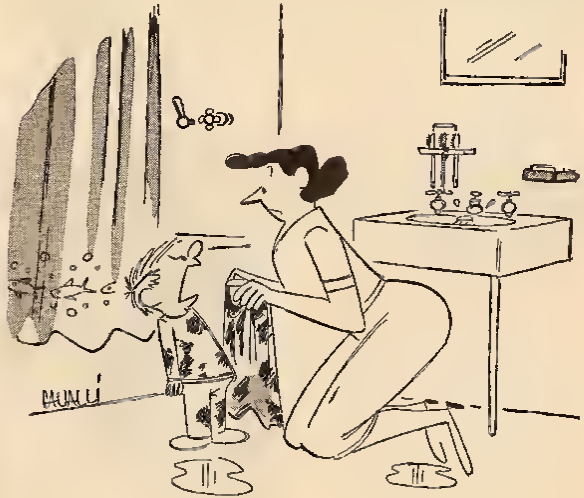
The Salteaux were becoming infected with blood lust. Sap-was-te was not the first victim the medicine man had killed to drive out supposed evil spirits. Constant killings, Campbell could see, were affecting the character and the mentality of the whole tribe. Eventually, as had happened before with other Indians, they would give up hunting altogether. The stronger members would kill the weak and subsist on their flesh until only one or two ravening cannibals were left.

Campbell visited Norway House at Christmas. He told Sergeant Smith of the Mountie detachment there about the growing kill-craze of the Salteaux — and particularly of the recent murder of the squaw, Sap-was-te.

Sergeant Smith sent a report to the Commissioner of the Mounted Police at Ottawa. The orders he received as a result, in February, 1907, caused him to summon his two best men, Constables Cashman and O'Neill.

He had made inquiries and established that Pecequan and the Salteaux at Sandy Lake had perpetrated at least 20 cruel and senseless killings. The two constables were instructed to take two half-breed guides and interpreters—Moses Gore and Jimmy Kirkness — proceed to Sandy Lake and arrest and bring back both the medicine man, Pecequan, and the chief of the tribe, Mistainninew, for trial.

Sergeant Smith warned the two constables of the dangers facing them. The Salteaux were cunning and dangerous and feared by other tribes for treachery. To send two young white men nearly 500 miles into the frozen wilderness to arrest their all-powerful medicine man and chief seemed foolhardy. Against the numbers they would face, weapons would be useless. All that the constables had to enforce their orders were the prestige and reputation of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.



"I've been trying to tell you, lady, you got the wrong kid!"

When the four-man patrol left Norway House with their dog teams, winter still held the barren Northland in thrall. For many days they battled snowdrifts, blizzards and marauding wolves as they covered the 300 miles to "Big Bill" Campbell's post at Island Lake.

When the barricades of the trading post came into view, their exhausted dogs dashed forward joyously, barking a greeting as they pulled the sleds through the open gate and sensed the rest, sleep, warmth and food that would soon be theirs. And the tired, aching men only asked the same reward. For two days they slept in the post's cosy guest house, leaving their bunks only for Campbell's feast-like meals of stewed beaver tails, roast moose-meat, fresh bread and steaming tea.

But their trail was not over. For five more days they had to face the perils of nature at her worst before they saw the frozen surface of huge Sandy Lake and knew they were in the hunting grounds of the Salteaux.

The guide, Jimmy Kirkness, went off on a reconnaissance. He returned with the news that the quarry had disappeared. He had found the remains of a camp of the Salteaux near the lake, but it was deserted, with abundant evidence that they had left in a hurry.

Scratching their heads, the Redcoats put the blame for the alarm on the mysterious "Moccasin Telegram", the inexplicable way in which news travelled among the Indians of the Northland. The Salteaux knew the Mounties were coming — and why. Yet, from Island Lake the two officers had made record time. They were sure no one had been ahead of them. Nevertheless, the Salteaux knew of their mission as surely as if someone had telephoned them.

O'Neill and Cashman were delayed for a week while Moses Gore and Jimmy Kirkness tried to pick up the tribe's trail. They eventually discovered a faint trace of the Salteaux passage, and the manhunters got under way again. The trail was followed for some days until, on the shores of the smaller Deer Lake, they found the new Salteaux camp.

Leaving Moses Gore with the sleds and dogs, Constables Cashman and O'Neill, with Jimmy Kirkness as interpreter, walked boldly into the camp. They marched through a throng of angry, scowling Indians, ignoring the ominous note of the medicine drum that had started to beat in the background.

The great strength of the Mounted Police in dealing with war-like Indian tribes in those days was its reputation and the general fear in which it was held by wrong-doers. The two lone constables, however, saw that the Salteaux were different. They were surly and openly aggressive. They might have been terrorised by the evil spirits infesting a sick girl, but they certainly had no fear for a couple of Red-coats, 200 miles from the nearest settlement.

Constable Cashman strode up to the young, intelligent-looking Redskin, obviously the chief, seated before the largest wigwam. Around him were a crowd of glowering hucks, with ancient but effective muzzle-loaders in their hands.

To Jimmy Kirkness, Cashman said: "Tell the chief that the Great White Father has sent me a long way to talk with him." —

The chief sat puffing his pipe. In this emergency, he had exerted his prerogatives of leadership and taken full control from Pecequan. His beady eyes peered thoughtfully at the constables. Then he stood erect and barked angry, gutteral words at the interpreter.

"What has your Great White Father to do with the Salteaux?" he demanded. "This is our country, where we can do as we please. I know you wish to take me and my faithful medicine man, Pecequan, away. You will lock us up in your great stone house."

Cashman—amazed at the Indian's knowledge of the purpose of his mission — tried to interject something about a fair trial.

Mistainninew ignored him and continued. 'Well, I have scores of young braves who do not want me to go away," he said. "They have guns all ready to shoot. They could kill you both where you stand—and your two half-breed dogs with you—and throw your carcases to the wolves."

Cashman and O'Neill knew that not only their own lives, but perhaps the future peace of a large slice of Canada depended on their handling of the situation. The Salteaux could rise and lead all the tribes in the area to war against the whites. It would take a full-scale military expedition to put them down.

From the encircling Indians, Cashman heard grunts of approval at the chief's words. In his reply, he pointed out that the braves could certainly kill himself and O'Neill. But to avenge them, the Great White Father would send hundreds of men, who would hunt the Salteaux like the sled dogs hunt the water rats.

"There will be many widows, Mistainniew," he concluded, 'to cut their hair and slash their bodies in mourning. There will be many papooses who will die, because they have no fathers to find them food. Show your wisdom and tell your men to put away their guns."

Doubt showed in the chief's eyes. But he did not immediately capitulate. Hours of argument followed before he held out his hands in a regal gesture and said, 'Put those irons on my wrists, white man. I will go with you, and so will Pecequan. I do not wosh to see my people suffer. You are brave men. It is not hard to be your prisoner."

The Mounties also took Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had done the actual killing, into custody. With their four prisoners, they then started the long trek back to Norway House. They spared the Indians the ignominy of being handcuffed, but kept constant guard over them.

It was almost summer again before they returned to Norway House, where the Indians were to be tried. While they awaited the trial, the medicine man, old Pecequan, began to brood. One day he hanged himself with a scarf.

On August 8, 1907, Chief Mistainninew pleaded guilty to the murder of Sap-was-te, taking full responsibility for the crime. Public sympathy was roused by his stoical attitude, but the official view was that he must be punished — particularly as evidence of 20 other similar cases was also available.

Mistainninew was sentenced to death, but it was later commuted to life imprisonment. He died in his bunk at the Stony Mountain Penitentiary three years later.

The two Indians, Angus Rae and Norman Fiddler, who had merely been tools of the medicine man, were released and sent back to their tribe without trial — 'to spread word of the power of the whites and the certainty of Mounted Police justice."

pointers to better health

HEART MACHINE

A London research worker has invented a machine which was recently used successfully in an operation in London. The machine provided the patient with two pints of blood a minute for two hours while the operation was in progress.

RED NOSE

On the street and elsewhere, thousands of people have been considered intoxicated when they have not touched a drop of liquor, but were suffering from an illness. Besides drinking, more than 50 causes can produce an appearance of drunkenness, including vertigo, epilepsy, brain tumor, fractured skull and toxemic coma of diabetes.

SLEEP

Russia is now mass-producing electric "sleep machines" for stomach ulcer victims. It works this way: Turned on, it gives out a faint rhythmic current which soothes the central nervous system and natural sleep comes within one minute. This could be handy for people with insomnia.

BRAIN WORK

The University of California has been making some research on the human brain and has discovered that the brain requires no more energy to produce sane thoughts than one type of insane thought. They said: "There is no apparent difference in the amounts of blood, oxygen and sugar which the brain requires to produce a sane idea and a schizophrenic thought." Now who says that it is easier to fall into crime?

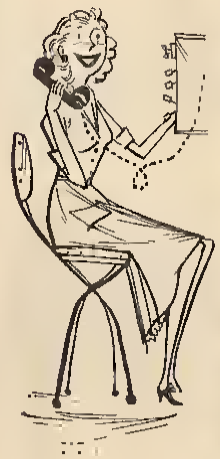
DIGESTION

Professor I. C. Gunsalus, University of Illinois microbiologist, has made a synthetic vitamin which aids digestion. He has named it "lipoic acid". Leafy vegetables, liver and yeast are rich in it. Professor Gunsalus says that without his new vitamin, man cannot completely utilise carbohydrates. Similarly, plants cannot grow, because they cannot make starch properly without it. If this lipoic acid is as successful as the professor claims, it should do away with after-dinner burps.

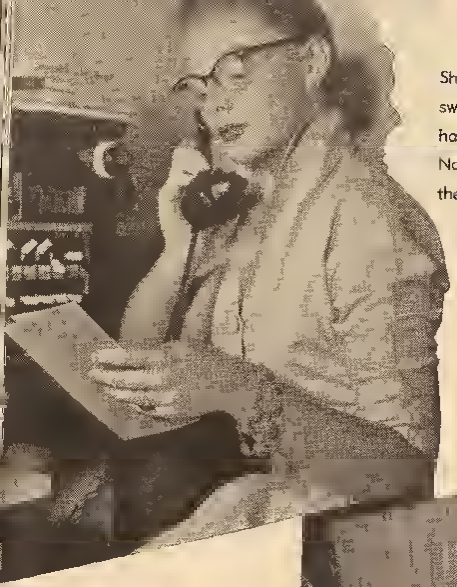
NEEOLE

A drop of cortisone put in the syringe along with the medicine will help allay painful injections, says Dr. Theodore Cornbleet of Chicago, in the "Journal of Investigative Dermatology". He believes that cortisone possibly shields the nerve endings of the skin against the effects of the injection. So, in future, you need not be afraid of that needle.

QUICK SWITCH



Some people enjoy their work. This happy girl, shown arriving at a city club, really likes her job. No one seems to know her name, maybe that is the reason for the cute smile. What is her job at the club? Look at the next page.



She is a telephonist on the switchboard! And she has a number of callers. Now switch your gaze to the bottom of the page —

What a switch! Yes, it is the same girl, doubling as an entertainer. This telephanist got the r i g h t number. And, indeed, she is a snappy number.

Out in front in another costume, with the band, our switchgirl makes a big hit. A torch singer with a figure and face like hers—and she's a telephonist! They do say she gets more calls than any other switch girl.

THIS BUSINESS OF DIVORCE

Divorce is the easy way out of a bad marriage. And divorces have been granted on fantastic grounds.

ALAN RAYMOND

WHEN the preacher murmurs the words, "Till death do you part", he means it. The parties concerned mean to abide by it, too—until they find they can no longer stomach the party of the other part. Then there are three ways of finalising a marriage—getting an annulment, getting a divorce or committing murder.

All three methods have been used and are still being used—probably they always will be used. But it is the middle measure about which we are concerned at the moment. Divorce is the best way of breaking an unhappy marriage, but divorce is difficult to get in Australia—and it can be very expensive. But it is simple to snap the bonds of matrimony in the United States of America—and some of the reasons given by the divorce petitioner sound very amusing to onlookers.

For example, a woman in San Francisco sued for divorce because her husband used a singing tea kettle when he prepared his breakfast at 5 a.m. each day. She was granted a decree on the grounds of mental cruelty.

In Minneapolis a woman was granted a divorce after convincing the court that her husband had wooed and married her only to win two quarts of whisky on a bet! Similarly, a woman in Los Angeles was granted a divorce because her husband had courted her solely to get an apartment.

Those two men quoted above must have had what it takes to woo a girl, but they are not alone in that attribute. A 41-year-old woman suing for divorce in Louisville, Kentucky, testified that her husband had just become tired of being married and had abandoned her. But, she hastened to add, he had always been a perfect gentleman.

The death of an architect in Los Angeles revealed that he had been guilty of a bigamous marriage and had been leading a double life. But both his wives declared "He was a good husband" and both claimed his body. Evidently that architect had a plan for a perfect home.

Edna Hunt, aged 33, last year secured a divorce for the 11th time, which is not bad going, especially for one so young. It says much for her charm over men—even if she could not hold them. She had since been married for the 12th. time, and, at the time of writing, the marriage is going well. Of course, she hails from America.

While Edna obviously did not have an inferiority complex, one woman in Texas did. She sued for divorce because her husband had four university degrees and she herself had never been to college.

In Chicago, one, Laura Puckett, aged 50, divorced her husband, Guy Puckett, also aged 50, and married his brother, Richard 45. The marriage did not last, she sued for divorce—and got it. The charge was that her first husband set his younger brother a bad example by hitting her. She did not hit it off with either of her husbands, evidently.

About the same time Laura was suing for divorce from her second spouse, Maryellen Dillam won a divorce in Indianapolis after testifying that her husband crushed her ribs while practising wrestling holds after watching television. He could not keep his hold on her.

Of course, most marriages are very happy, although not all the seemingly happy ones are as they seem. For example, a marriage relations officer in San Francisco notified his club that he would have to cancel his engagement to speak on "How To Be Happy, Though Married" because he had been subpoenaed to answer his wife's suit for divorce!

Not all petitions succeed, even in America. One case that didn't, took place in New Jersey. The husband's petition was dismissed because the judge ruled the male member of the alliance erred. It appeared that he had ceased supporting his wife because she nagged him. Ruling of the court was that starving doesn't improve a wife's disposition.

Another man in Oklahoma was overruled by the judge when he complained that his wife continued to spend as much on clothes after marriage as before. The learned judge ruled that it was the husband who has to dress more frugally after marriage. Which finding may cause a stir in some households.

Who wears the pants in your house? A Dallas man could do nothing with his wife, so he took her to court. He asked the court to order her to stop reading comics and get back to housework. It is not recorded what the court ruled, but it is possible that, with such a man for a husband, the wife ordered him to do the housework.

After a bride slaves all day in the kitchen, should her groom come home with sandwiches and eat them in preference to his wife's cooking? That was the posei set before a court in Florida. And the ruling?

The judge said a husband should honour his wife's cooking, even if it kills him. That might give some women ideas.

However, some women carry their kitchen (or at least their kitchen utensils) too far. A man in America told the court that his spouse slept with a butcher's knife under her pillow. "It makes me nervous," he said. He was granted a divorce.

Another fellow had a wife who not only indulged in a war on nerves, but who attempted to carry out physical violence. The scene was Fort Worth, U.S.A., and the man was a giant weighing 300 pounds and standing six feet ten inches in height. He applied for divorce because his spouse fired a gun at him. He was granted his decree, but, as the judge said: "I don't see how she missed."

Perhaps nerve warfare is better than direct violence. In Sunnydale, California, an undertaker, applying for a divorce, testified that his wife made him sleep in his hearse. Maybe he was afraid the practice may become permanent.

In Knoxville, Tennesse, John Weaver, filing a counter suit for divorce against Hattie Weaver, claimed she wrote a song describing their marriage. The title of the song? "Thirty Years In Hell".

While law recognises man as the head of the house, husband and wife should be regarded as being equal if the marriage is to go ahead on peaceful lines. In fact, the actual wedding day should be the lady's day. But Thomas Hand thought otherwise. While he may not have been a sportsman regarding marriage ties he was a sportsman regarding football ties. As soon as he became legally tied to his spouse in England, Hand took matters into his own hands and hurried his wife to a football match. He left her in the stand while he stripped for action and took his place in the field. Mrs. Hand took umbrage at this behaviour and charged her husband with desertion. The petition was dismissed.

It seems that pets can cause a whole heap of bother. In St. Paul, U.S.A., a woman won a divorce because he had trained the family dog to bite her. And in New Jersey a man got a divorce because his wife kept 70 cats and he could not live with the 71 of them!

But do not take matters into your own hands, men. In Reno a wife petitioned for divorce on the grounds of cruelty by her husband, Neal Small. But the cruelty was not directed at her—not physically, anyway. There were six in the household—Mr. and Mrs. Small and four cats. The felines were active animals and they interfered with student Small's studies, but he stood it as long as possible. Then came the breaking point, one cat chewed his briefcase and Small caught it and spanked the animal with a magazine. It was for spanking the cat that Mrs. Small brought her charges for cruelty — and she was granted a divorce for such a small thing.

From cats' fur to mink, we find a strange divorce scene in Paris. A wife received a mink coat from her lover (not her husband). She did not want to arouse her husband's suspicions, so she put the coat in an old suitcase and deposited it in a railway cloakroom. Having done so she showed the cloakroom ticket to her husband, telling him that she found the suitcase in a street and had deposited it in the cloakroom because she did not want anyone to see her with the case and perhaps recognise it.

"I wonder what's in the case?" she coyly asked her husband.

"I'll go down and find out," replied her spouse, so she gave him the cloakroom receipt and asked him to collect the suitcase.

The husband collected the case, took it around a corner, opened it, saw the mink and took it out. He substituted rubbish about the weight of the coat and took the case to his wife.

The coat? He gave it to his mistress. That was his mistake. His wife's immediate reaction was to burst into tears, but when she recovered her equilibrium, she had her spouse tailed. Result: The divorce court. She was granted a divorce. You can be too clever men.

At Flensburg, Germany, Frau Irngard Jaspersen sued for a divorce. The grounds were not unusual, but the circumstances were: Her tailor husband made a habit of cutting off the hems of her nightdresses to make brassieres for his girl friend. The wife did not find this uplifting. The judge cut the marriage adrift.

When it comes to new ideas or new twists to old ideas, Hulda Otto must take the cake. She was the second wife of William Otto, a 70-year-old Cleveland, Ohio, man and she considered herself a medium-to-good medium. That was O.K. with William, but she insisted that he attend the seances. And to drive her point home she told him that she had been ordered to make him attend those seances—by his deceased first wife!

William Otto was granted a divorce, so now he is free from both his wives.

"The children are locked in the cupboard. Please give me a five minute start before you let them out."

"Just think . . . a REAL diamond!"

THEY FOOLED THE EXPERTS

AMERICAN collectors claim between them, today, some 20,000 Corot paintings.

Lucky guys! Everybody knows that Corot is one of the great masters of modern painting, and that his works, individually are worth a fortune.

But there must be about 18000 people who don't know that Corot, in his lifetime, painted some 2000 canvases.

But that's how it is. And the explanation is as simple at it is sinister. In the modern world collectors of antiques and objects of art have increased to a far greater extent than works of art have themselves increased. So that there are about 18000 people throughout the world today who proudly exhibit their "original Corots"—and don't know how wrong they are.

Obviously, the next step is for one to pace thoughtfully to one's den and examine one's work of art. After all, the business of keeping collectors happy has not been thwarted simply because of the lack of genuine old masters and antiques, and there was a man in Brussels named Van Meegeren. This gentleman was a painter who exhibited his work and was dismissed by the critics with a wave of the hand. He was not, they said, a man of talent.

Now nobody likes to be told by the critics that he is not a man of talent In N.S.W. there have been lawsuits over phrases as simple as

that, But Van Meegeren dug in his toes and resolved to make the critics eat their idle words Returning to his studio he went to work on canvases

Very shortly a canvas emerged, and another, and another, from the famous Dutchman Vermeer The critics raved about the discovery of hitherto unknown Vermeer originals, certified their originality, and in other ways gave them every hallmark of approval—before Van Meegeren came out of his studio and modestly admitted that he, unworthy and untalented though he was, happened to be the painter of the masterpieces acclaimed under the name of Vermeer.

Of course, to the ordinary citizen, this would tend to prove that as the works of Van Meegeren and Vermeer were indistinguishable, the painters might have something like equal talent But to the critics, it simply meant that Van Meegeren was a skilful forger!

One is, of course, forced to wonder how a work of art derives its great value, if the merits of the work are equal and the value depends on the spelling of the name

But in that problem one is not alone, One has the support, for instance, of the artistic playboy of France, Francoise Cremonene, a sculptor whose work was conscientious and well performed, but whose talent remained unrecognised

What do I have that Rodin didn't have? Francois asked himself, and he decided to find out by practical experiment.

About that time (which was late last century) a peasant working in a field at St. Juste sur Loire, turned up with his spade a piece of statuary. Shapeless with the clay that clotted around it at first it seemed about the same as a bit of fossilised wood; but as the peasant cleaned it off, he found he was standing in the field holding an exquisite replica (smaller than life size) of the naked female. A marvellous find!

The peasant was a little distressed because the female had, somewhere down through the ages, lost her nose, but after all, one did not expect antiques to remain perfect through the ages So the peasant haled the female off to Paris and showed her to various famed artists These were delighted. They had always suspected that, in Roman times, there were accomplished Gallic sculptors, and they hailed the peasant's discovery as a Gallic Roman's Venus, a kind of missing link in the history of art Not only that, they installed the lady, noseless as she was, in a museum

Into all this excitement came Francois Cremonese. Laughing bitterly, the sculptor claimed that he had made the statue, that he had buried it in the field, that he had waited patiently for some time for the peasant to discover it, since the success of his experiment hinged on the discovery being genuine, and hearing what the experts would have to say about the genuine discovery of a totally unidentified piece of carving

And what did the experts do here? They laughed, long and loud. They demanded to know whether they would put the thing in a museum if they were satisfied as to its bona fides? And Francois Cremonese laughed equally long and loud and said he was cynical enough to believe they would!

Against such a crass unbelievers there was only one defence The experts, rather than condemn their statue, condemned Francois Cremonese what a stupid liar the man was! And to think he could fool them, the experts, by claiming that he made the statue,

But under these attacks Francois kept a stiff upper lip—and a smile. Fumbling in his pants pocket he brought out a piece of marble

"See," he said, "it is the missing nose of the statue—and when you find it fits you have to believe it is my statue, since I have the nose!"

And that's the way it was

It recalled that, in 1896, there had come into the possession of the French experts or savants, a wonderful antique—a tiara which once belonged to the old Scythian kind Saitapharnes It bore little resemblance to the diamond tiaras of the Queen, being no more than a gold hat without a brim, but skilfully engraved and embossed with ancient figures, and itself incredibly old. The members of the French Institute examined it, and were delighted with its discovery So much so that, at a cost of 200,000 dollars, they enshrined it in the famous repository of ancient art, the Louvre, Paris.

But having closely guarded their secret until it was purchased, they found a different story when they exhibited the find, with their ecomiums, in the Louvre. Art critics and pressmen from around the world saw it and as Paris is the home of culture, it became newsworthy. And when that occurred, experts began to challenge the facts. The Scythian king they knew But his tiaras they didn't know. And inspecting the tiara in the Louvre, they weren't inclined to give full marks to the judgment of the savants,

The debate raged until 1903, and the more criticism, the more defence of the priceless tiara. But in 1903 a gentleman named Rouchoumouski arrived in Paris — a metal worker from Odessa, a simple Russian whom, upon scratching, turned up a Tartar. He, he said, was the fabricator of the famed tiara of Saitapharnes; his own skilful tradesman's hands had fashioned it, chased

"He hasn't had a haircut in years,"
Said the man to his mate in the bar,
They paused while they drank their beers,
Then the other smacked his lips and said, "Ha!
One of your motes—a little bit queer,
Or is it he just doesn't care?"
The first took a long gulp at his beer,
"Neither," he said, "he just has no hair"

—AH-EM

the old world designs, embossed the heroic battle sequences, and, indeed, made it what it was. Further, he admitted, it wasn't easy to get paid for one's work Many people had seen it before it reached Paris, and refused point blank to pay much more than the value of the crude metal of which it was made.

The tiara, with its fake pedigree, had been hawked around the museums of Europe, but the price had been too high, the authenticity of it had been doubted—Rouchoumouski was indeed sad as only a Russian can be sad, at the lack of appreciation of his work. For the Parisian savants to agree that he was as skilful as the early Scythian guildsmiths was, indeed, a compliment . . .

And once more the savants laughed loud and long, and refuted his claims They stressed a telling point —every time somebody found a genuine antique somebody claimed to have forged it What? Was there no skill in the ancient world? Did all the works of art of Greece and Rome have to come from back streets

in Paris or Odessa? They sneered

But the Russian wasn't discouraged He went into a workshop and huddled with some of the experts And there, before their eyes, he proceeded to re-create from his memory, in metal, part of the fabulous tiara—a part which could not be distinguished in any way from the pricy original!

That capped the forgery. The experts were convinced, and it became debatable whether the famous tiara wasn't worth as much as an example of the perfect forgery, as it would have been worth as Saitapharnes' headpiece!

But maybe the value of it as a forgery was minimised by the fact that Rouchoumouski wasn't unique in his success. There was a German doctor named Wilhelm Bode, who, pottering about London, came upon a piece of statuary which he recognised as a masterpiece from forgotten times. It was, he became certain a piece of Leonardo da Vinci—and in perfect preservation. Raving wildly, he took it back to Berlin. There he told the dramatic story of how he had purchased it in an old English curiosity shop.

Of course there were other experts in Berlin who refuted the piece at once, on the theory that nothing of the da Vinci quality could be kicking around like that—and in that state of preservation.

Wilhelm Bode, however, was no fly-by night. Finally his word won the day. His opinion was irrefutable. Kaiser Wilhelm II himself said, in effect, what Dr. Bode says is good enough for me. So the da Vinci masterpiece was enshrined in the museum in Berlin, and the world envied Germany its new find in masterpieces of art

However, a little Englishman with no sense of diplomacy reared his head unexpectedly and said, in effect, "That isn't a work of Leonardo da Vinci. My father did that in 1845, and never sold it because he couldn't get £50 for it."

Before the onslaught of Lucas the younger, Dr. Wilhelm Bode folded up, and the reputation of da Vinci was saved from carrying the burden of the extra work of art.

These little incidents make nice telling, and if you have a mind for saving up antiques, collecting works of art, paintings, carvings, what have you, please remember that the natural increase production of works of art. Remember that you can get a photographic copy of a Matisse, Van Gogh, or Gaughin, for a few shillings, and you can boast that it is an accurate copy; but if you buy an original for a fabulous sum, the chances are that it is a fake, and you have no guarantee that it bears any resemblance to any genuine creation of the old masters.

In the mania for collecting, somebody has to get hazed, somebody has to lose out.

But the makers of antiques, like bookmakers, are rarely on the losing end How can they be? They meet the demands of a market which exists on pride of possession and more money than is good for it—for there is one thing which distinguishes the collector, and that is, as a rule, his ignorance of the objects of art he collects.

On the other hand, there are forgers who are almost, or quite as skilful as the precious old masters themselves, and it may be time somebody started a society for the recognition of expert art forgers, since nouveau riche collectors have made the forgery of masterpieces a craft which is both skilful and remunerative.

THE world contains some funny people—people, who through lack of ability in the field where they would like to shine, condemn the ability of those who excell in that field. Particularly is it noticeable in boxing, a rugged sport of emotions, where the crowd goes wild with excitement. You have seen it; a great fight in progress and the crowd is yelling itself hoarse, then, after leaving the arena, you see groups of men gathered, discussing the night's fight and other great fights. Then it is that you meet the funny people, yes, the same people, who minutes before have been yelling with the rest; and they say to you "Yes, but who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember Jack Hassen, a terrific-punching lightweight who held the Australian title a few years ago; Jack thrilled them with his knockouts; he was regarded as potential world title material, then, one night he went under to Rudy Cruz, and the funny people set up the holler: "Who'd he ever beat?"

Maybe you remember that great night, February 2, 1946, when Vic Patrick knocked out Tommy Burns in nine rounds of a really wonderful fight That night Patrick would have beaten any lightweight in the world and the crowd was thrilled to the core. After the fight was over, groups of fans were marvelling at the little Victor Then a sad-looking character came up to one group and said: "Sure Patrick won, but he is not a great fighter." You pointed out that Patrick had beaten every-

one he'd fought, but the sad sack says "Yes, but who'd he ever beat —only a lot of pies."

This "Who'd-he ever-beat?" bloke is sour on the world. A fighter has claimed the idolatory of the crowd, he is making money, gaining fame. And the sad character is mentally putting himself in the role he can never assume in real life. So he becomes an exhibitionist, he must attract attention to himself, so he comes out with the time-worn line, "Who'd he ever beat?"

You remember the night of March 3, 1947? That night you saw the greatest fight in Australia's history when Tommy Burns, 100 per cent. better than when he fought Patrick, fought with ever-swelling features against the American Negro, O'Neill Bell and knocked out Bell in the 11th. What a great fight that one was! You remember seeing the dozens of groups of fans, loath to leave the atmosphere of the stadium precincts as they loudly discussed and admired the spirit of Burns, you remember them discussing other great fights and not finding any to line up to the Burns-Bell fight, except for a few old timers who talk about the Crique-Dencio battle. And while this discussion is going on, you observe the sad sacks going from group to group, saying: "Sure, Burns won. Sure he beat Bell. But who did Bell ever beat?"

Maybe you paid £2/3/- to see the late Dave Sands batter Carl Boho Olson in 1950. It was not a spectacular fight, because Olson was downed in the first round, survived many more brain-numbing punches, to lose on points, but was saved from a K.O. by a benevolent Sands who evidently wanted a return bout. And Sands never looked good unless he was flat out to win from the start. But Dave beat a world-rated fighter that night; and he beat him again in Chicago later. A lot of sad sacks were around that night "Sands? Who'd he ever beat?"

Well, Sands beat a lot of guys who could fight. And Olson gave Ray Robinson the stiffest argument of his career, so much so, that when Ray lay exhausted on a table after the fight, he answered the question. "Will you fight Dave Sands?" with the remark. "I want a lot of money to fight that guy."

Robinson has been rated the greatest all round fighting machine, pound for pound, produced in America in a generation. He wanted no part of Sands. And when Ray retired, that same Olson drew on his world title cloak. Olson said, after he won the title: "If Dave Sands were alive, this title would be his."

So, sad sacks, there is your answer to the query about Sands, "Who'd he ever beat?" He beat the man who won a world title, he beat the man who gave the "greatest of a generation" the hardest fight of his life. What is more, he beat him twice.

Maybe you have seen prospects racing towards a title, strewing the path with K.O. victims. There have been a number, Vic Patrick was one, Jack Hassen was another, Jack Haines comes into the line-up and young Col Clarke is on the way up right now. Of course, there is Jimmy Carruthers who won the Australian title in his 9th fight and the world title in his 15th. And as he went on his winning way, the sad sacks were looking for flaws. They said he could not take it. He has proved he can. They said he could not handle a bustler. He has proved he can. So, with all their assertions proved wrong, they have fallen back on the time - worn theme, "Who'd he ever beat?" And of course, the answer is easy—Jimmy Carruthers beat all he met, and that includes the world's top contenders.

The strange thing about all this is the lauding of a fighter years after he is finished. Ron Richards is a case in point. Ron lost some 22 fights in over 152; but he was a good fighter. However, every time he was defeated the old cry went up. "Richards was never any good. Tell me one good fighter he beat?" And when Ron did win, there was always that element who said the other fellow was no good. But what do they say about Richards now? "Now there was a great fighter, Ron Richards. What would he have done to the present crop? What would he have done to Sands?" And they laugh as though it was too silly for words to speak of the great Ron Richards in the same breath with Sands and other middleweights of recent vintage.

Sure, Richards was a great fighter; he beat some great fighters in such a manner that he must be accorded his due. But I, for one, think that Sands would have stopped Ron. And I saw them both fight at their best.

The greatest idol this country has had since Darcy was Vic Patrick. Vic howled them over like nineпins and had the greatest K.O. record of them all. But, idol though he was —or perhaps it was because he was an idol—there were detractors who set up the cry, "Who'd he ever beat?" Yet when Vic met his Waterloo; when he went under to Freddie Dawson, just 19 months past his peak, the scoffers were silent. They realised

"Can I borrow it when you've finished?"

they had just witnesses the eclipse of a great fighter and they regretted their inane remarks. For Patrick was a great fighter and probably had no peer in the history of the Australian lightweight division.

There are too many of these sad sacks in the fight game and they work under other circumstances, too. For instance, they champion a fighter whom they think is not getting a fair go from the promoters; they take up his cause and howl to high heaven that so-and-so has beaten every contender in sight, so why doesn't he get a shot at the title? Then, after so and-so does get his chance—and he wins—his supporters turn on him with the old familiar cry "He is a cheese champion. Tell me, who'd he ever beat?"

A case in point was the Bronx Bull, Jake La Motta. Jake had beaten all the middleweight contenders while he battled his way to the top of the world heap. But he could not get a match for the title and the fans, and the scribes, took up his cause. They pointed out whom he had beaten and they demanded that the champion defend his title. Eventually Jake got his chance; he won the crowd from the Frenchman, Marcel Cerdan. And then came the pay off, the fans began hollering for someone to take "the bum's title". "La Motta can't fight. Give us a champion who can."

Ezzard Charles was another recent case. He was leading contender for the world light-heavy title when Gus Lesnevich sat in the throne of that division. Charles was hammering at Lesnevich's door for some years and could not get his chance. The fans set up the cry for Charles to get an opportunity. Ezzard solved the situation himself; he left the division and campaigned among the big fellows. And he won the world heavyweight title. What happened? The fans suddenly reached the conclusion that he was an unattractive fighter. 'He can't fight. He is the worst champion we ever had," they said and they decried the fall of the fight game when such a man could rule the world's fighters.

A third way the fans—the sad sacks of the fight game—work, is to attend a fight to see their idol knock off an 'upstart", then when the underdog stays the distance and puts on a good show, they hoot the verdict in favour of their idol, no matter how clear cut the decision.

Take one case in many—Jimmy Carruthers' fight with Bobby Sinn. This figured to last a few rounds, but Bobby fought like a world title contender against the champion and went the distance. If Bobby won one round that was his limit. I scored three drawn rounds and nine to Carruthers in that 12-round fight, which was a classic. Yet the crowd hooted like maniacs because Jimmy was given the verdict. In their hearts they knew that Carruthers won clearly, but they let their admiration for a game loser sway their judgment. Those were sympathy hoots.

And after the fight the sad sacks still asked the same question: 'Who'd he ever beat?" and you got sick of him and demanded: "Who was a great fighter? You asked who did Patrick ever beat, who did Carruthers ever beat, who did Sands ever beat. Who was *ever* a great fighter?" And he thinks for a moment and comes up with Darcy, Thorn, Godfrey and a few more of his own era. And you point out that all the men he mentioned were beaten. Lamely he says "Ah, but they were fighters in those days."

And you laugh at him and turn away.

D'ARCY NILAND

THEY had a human derrick up there at Kereru that year. His name was Sonny Hohapata. He was the fleshiest Maori you ever saw, and when they come in bulk, these brown fellows, nature is certainly no skinflint.

He was easily the strongest man they ever had in that camp, and they had had plenty. He feared nothing, but he was as gentle as a bird. All that immense weight he kept to himself as he rolled and billowed around like a great heap of joviality. He never slung it about.

Where he came from down on the east coast he was already a legend among his own: he had a big place right there in the oral history of the Ngati-porou tribe. But his fame didn't stop there. It had spread.

You could pick up a story about him away down among the mutton-birders on Ruapuke in the deep south. You heard about him up at Cape Maria in the lighthouse there. He was like a brand of jam or baby food. Everywhere somebody knew something about him or had heard of his name.

They made a great song and dance about him in the Auckland papers when he lifted a tram back on the rails at Avondale.

A visiting Melbourne promoter wanted to take him back to Australia. He filled his ear full of spiel about what a tremendous future awaited Sonny as a wrestler. But Sonny only looked at him with a shy

giggle and said he liked it where he was.

"Too many pruddy wild blackfellers for my likin'," Sonny said. "Dey might eat a pruddy man."

When somebody took him around to a city gym one morning he made the muscle-happy characters present look and feel like weaklings who were wasting their time and money.

They were stripped to football shorts and leopard-skins. Without effort, Sonny Hohapata pressed, snatched, cleaned and jerked. And he didn't take off his coat.

They talked about getting him into an Olympic team. But he only giggled again and said no. They persisted. He rumbled. They left it at that. Nobody felt like forcing the issue.

Up there at Kereru it was a happy set-up. They were a mob of good fellows, and they all got on well together.

Then a man named Brady came on the job. He was an Australian, and had cut his teeth on the tall timber in the west.

He knew his work all right, and you couldn't fault him. But his character was different. You could drive a jinker through some of the holes in it.

He was only about 34, with a dark face and piercing black eyes that might have pointed to a bit of loony in him. He was thick-set, wide-shouldered. He had a gravelly voice that was not unattractive. His head was a mass of jet curls set close to the skull like astrakhan.

He was a toughy, this Brady. Blow your nose and he got the notion you were slinging off. He could work up a man into fighting temper quicker than you could flick your fingers. He liked to fight. Nobody knew why, but you'll get men like that. If they think there's somebody better than they are they can't rest, they're not satisfied, till they beat him. They're looking for the challenge all the time. Maybe they've got a derry on the world. Maybe they've got to prove to themselves that their inferiority complex is not all that it's cracked down to be.

At any rate, he came up against Sonny Hohapata one day. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and Sonny was bent over a washing-tub bouncing his duds when Brady started to pick him. Sonny took no notice. He went on dumping, presenting to the world his great rear like the hindquarters of an elephant.

Brady kept up his taunts, trying to get the big fellow's goat, but he couldn't goad him. Only once Sonny turned his broad smiling face and told Brady to go and take a pruddy headache powder.

That wasn't sufficient incentive to start Brady throwing punches. He liked his man to get steamed up. He liked to see the sparks in his eyes and the clench of his fists.

The men only looked on with idle curiosity and hope. They knew why Brady was baiting Sonny. It was that streak in him coming out again. He had nothing against the Maori, but the tales he had heard about his physical prowess had only served to set him up as a worthy victim, as yet another challenger to be toppled.

When Brady saw he was not getting anywhere with his insults, he walked up behind Sonny, and said: "You're not a man. You're just a great big heap of blubber."

"Ah, keriki, go away, pruddy silly feller," Sonny motioned amiably.

"You know why you're not a man, mudguts," Brady pricked. "Because if you was a man you wouldn't take what I've been saying to you."

Sonny stopped his huge arms in the suds. He was silent with suspicion. His bloodshot eyes flicked round and stayed in the corners of their sockets. Then he moved his bulk around the tub, shifting his posterior out of danger.

The men laughed. Brady was incensed by their laughter, and by the fatuous amusement on Sonny Hohapata's face. He suddenly grabbed the tub and upended it, dousing Sonny from the waist down.

Sonny looked startled for a moment. Then he surveyed his sodden trousers with a rueful expression, and glanced up at Brady, who stood with clenched teeth and glittering eyes.

"Now, look what you do?" Sonny said, as he might to a child. "You better go 'way, or I smack your pruddy bottom."

Brady hit him hard in the face and once in the ribs. He got no further. The titan cooped him in his arms in a bear hug. Brady struggled, grunting obscenities. Sonny didn't move from the spot. There was no anger on his face. In fact, his eyes were opened wide in astonished joy. The muscles, the tendons in his arms were like the roots of a tree. In ten minutes the ridges smoothed out. Brady dropped unconscious.

For three weeks after that, Brady kept away from Sonny. Then he told Sonny he'd like to bury the hatchet. They shook hands. Sonny was happy. He would have buried anything if it meant keeping things nice and peaceful and pleasant. But everybody else there knew that Brady was asking Judas Iscariot to move over.

One day, a few weeks later, Sonny Hohapata dubbined his great brown boots, got out his best blue shirt and red tie, took the creases out of his suit in the sun, slapped his sombrero on his head and went down to Auckland.

He was away for two weeks, and he came back with company, a red shirt and a blue tie and a tremendous charge of good spirits.

The main cause of it was the company—a young, fat, pretty, cow-eyed wahine, full of a simpleness that made her seem silly.

"Men," said Sonny Hohapata, "meet the pruddy missus."

Everybody clapped, and in turn went up and shook Sonny's hand and, exhorted by Sonny, kissed the bride who shook and shuddered in a hysteria of embarrassed giggling.

Sonny pitched a tent for him and his wife some distance from the bunkhouse. Every night the men could hear his uproarious laughter and the laughter of the woman. They were a happy couple. Sometimes Sonny would grab her and tickle her in front of the boys until she collapsed helpless with laughter and ran away in giggling confusion. Other times he would push her up and down like a barbell. She thought he was Christmas, and everyone knew it.

That included Brady. Whether he had his eye on the woman, in that place where a man saw little or nothing of women, or whether he used her merely to get his own back on Sonny, nobody could tell—but the fact was that he lost no time in getting friendly with her.

Sonny helped him, though he did not know it. Why should he suspect that he was asking for trouble? Brady be treated like a mate. He took Brady over with him at nights, and they played cards or dominoes. Peata, Sonny's wife, made tea and sat in to the supper with them.

It was Sonny who took Brady's dirty clothes from him on Saturday and gave them to the woman to wash. When Sonny decided to make a small vegetable garden, Brady helped him to dig the soil and plant the seeds. The woman was there

all the time, watching and talking.

It wasn't long before Brady had won the deep affection of Sonny's wife. More than that, there was passion in the looks she gave him. Still Sonny went about like a big happy innocent. He saw nothing wrong in leaving his wife alone in the tent with Brady while he went over to the hunkhouse for a yarn with the boys. When they chaffed him that Brady would be getting away with his woman he chuckled richly, or, adding to the joke himself, roared with laughter.

"A pruddy man look silly then, eh?" was all he said.

One day Brady, on some pretext, said he had to go back to the hunkhouse. He was away an hour. He did the same thing a week later, claiming that he was crook in the insides. That time he didn't come back. When the men came in from the felling he was lying on his bunk, and Sonny's wife was sitting on a box alongside. He said he felt like hell. He couldn't imagine what it was, some wog he must have picked up.

But he ate a good tea, smoked, and joined in the talk and laughter of the men.

Brady was laid up for two days with this mysterious sickness of his, and everybody was beginning to cotton on to the cause of it. Everybody except Sonny. Brady came back and worked out the rest of the week. On Monday he was in for another spine-bash that lasted three days.

It was too brazen for words. Big Sonny Hohapata was being taken for a sucker good and proper, and he was too well liked for a thing like this to go on happening under his cheery big nose with him not able to get even a sniff of it. Nobody knew how deeply in the woman was, but it was pretty plain that her arm wasn't being twisted. She was in the malingering plot with Brady, and she was putting it over Sonny, too.

"I volunteer to go for help."

Egged on by the rest of them, Cliff Cowley told Sonny what they thought. As was usual, they expected a great guffaw, but Sonny's face didn't even twitch. He looked soberly at them. There was not even a gleam of humour in his eyes. It was the first inkling they got that he suspected something—had maybe suspected something all along.

Still nothing happened until that day of the storm.

They heard it coming before they saw it, a great threnodious howl in the forest. A grief of spirits. Instantly, they knocked off and made back to the camp. Nobody had to be told of the dangers of a storm-tossed forest.

Brady and Sonny Hohapata came last. They pushed on quickly as the first few drops fell, as the wind scurried among the crowded holes and scuffing the great tops threshed and mopped them in space.

Sometimes the tremendous winds thrust the trees forward like a wave, their boughs intertwine, and some do not tear back with the rebounding tree; they stay locked, split and tangled, and are ready for action like a set catapult triggered by the next violent blow.

That was how the swinger fell that afternoon. Amid the din, the two men both heard the roaring explosion above them, the crashing cackle of boughs and saplings in the path of the descending juggernaut. They ran different ways. The great trunk drummed on the ground, quivering like a blade, and fell. It struck Brady, sent him stumbling and fell across his back, pinning him fast. He squirmed, groaning.

Sonny Hohapata ran up to him, stood three feet away. He stared at the struggling man. Brady turned his head: "Help me!" he gasped. "I can't move. Do your stuff, Sonny."

The Maori squatted on his haunches. Brady looked into his eyes, wondering. Then he knew. Sonny Hohapata hated him. His head dropped on the ground. He dragged the breath into his lungs. He looked up again, and there was a cunning gleam in his eyes.

"You great lard-hag," he jeered. "What have you been tellin' them nohopers. All about your great feats of strength. What a joke—and they fell for it."

"Shut your pruddy mouth," Sonny Hohapata said.

"You great mug—you couldn't lift a little finger. You're all bluff. If you're as good as you're cracked up to be you'd hoist this log off me. No trouble."

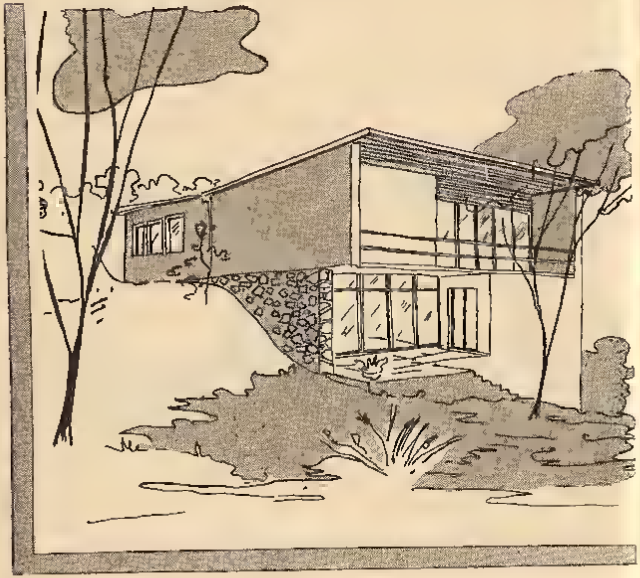
Suddenly, Sonny Hohapata moved. He leaned over. He scooped his hands under one end of the ton-weight bough. Brady jibed, kept jibing him in triumph, sweating.

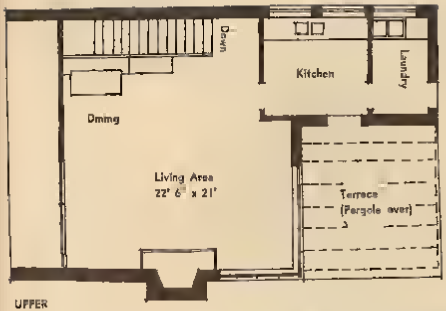
The Maori braced himself, strained. He lifted the log to the height of his waist. Then he dropped it, smiling.

> Mr Blank was very interested in rejuvenation and took a course of monkey gland treatment. He married some years later and in due course his wife was confined. Excitedly Mr. Blank went to the hospital to enquire how his wife was and what sex the child was. The nurse frowned. "Your wife is well, Mr. Blank," she said, "but I don't know what sex your child is—it's climbing the chandelier."

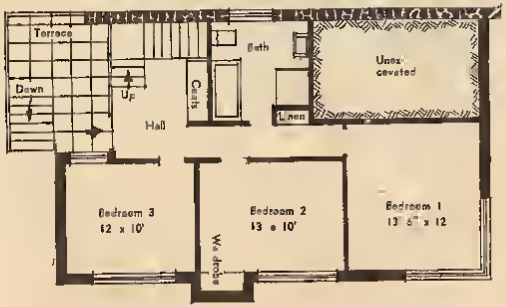
HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BUHRICH





UPPER FLOOR PLAN



LOWER FLOOR PLAN

Planned for a block of land that rises steeply from the front to the rear this house reverses the usual order by having the living room upstairs for better views, cool breezes and privacy. Because of the rise in the ground the laundry door is on level ground again. The visitor enters the house straight through a light airy hall from which an open stair takes him straight into the living room. This room opens onto two balconies, one for summer coolness, one for winter warmth which also serves as a dining terrace. The kitchen is small but sufficient. The bedrooms are reasonably large and open to the north. Bedroom III has direct access to the outside, a convenience for a child's room whose friends can visit him without entering the house. The downstairs terrace makes a good wet weather play area.

Construction is brick and overall size 13¼ squares

Garage is located elsewhere

MIRAGE

Mirages can be photographed. A camera is not as sensitive to colour as the eye, nor does it register as fully, therefore the photo will not be as clear as the impression on the eye. A mirage is caused by a bending of light rays, which come to the eye, not in a straight line, but in an arc. The bending is caused by a layer of hot and thinner air underlying colder and heavier air. Apart from the desert, mirages are commonly seen on black-top highways and can be seen even over water.

BEEN HERE BEFORE

How many times have you felt, when visiting a place for the first time that you have been there before? There is nothing supernatural in that, as many people believe. It is an illusion called paramnesia. How it happens is this. You arrive at a strange place and immediately have your attention distracted. Upon glancing around again, you remember the scene you first glimpsed upon arrival, but which had not had time to register. Immediately you get the impression that you have been there before

HERMES

Perhaps no asteroid has baffled astronomers as much as Hermes, which was discovered in 12 photographs of the night sky made at four observatories in the latter part of October, 1937. Up to the present day countless attempts have failed to rediscover and determine the orbit of this minor and known planet. Thus, while it has never been seen by the human eye, it came within 475,000 miles of the earth, which is closer than any other planetary body on record.

SOARING STOCK

A rare 2½ per cent. bond, issued in Holland in 1624 to raise funds for the repair of a dyke, is owned by the New York Stock Exchange. Being perpetual, the bond will not mature and is now worth £142 Australian. It has never missed an interest payment in the whole 329 years it has existed.

THE GOOD OIL

A hospital in Memphis unexpectedly received a 25,000 dollar gift from an aged oil man. He explained he owed it to the institution because he had been a charity patient there sixty years before.

MARCIA McEWAN

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

The days when a cripple was doomed to spend the rest of his life an invalid is rapidly closing.

IT happened on a commuter's train during the evening rush hour. No one, not even John A. knew quite how. One moment he was jostling with other workers for a toehold on the outside platform of the train, then he was falling, there was the roar and flash of spinning wheels, pain and merciful blackout.

For John A. it was the end of living. He was not killed but he felt he might just as well have been. What use in the world is a man in his mid-forties who has suddenly been deprived of both legs, his right arm and all but the thumb of his left hand? Linotype operating, the only trade he understood, was no longer for him and he was too old to learn a new trade even if there were anybody willing to teach him. John applied for the invalid pension and crept into the refuge of his little home with only one hope . . . that he might not have many more years to exist.

Today, barely two years after his accident John holds down a full-time job and devotes his week-ends to his garden and minor repairs about the house.

The near-miracle was worked by a young Government department, the Civilian Rehabilitation Branch of Commonwealth Social Services. The lusty offspring of the scheme for rehabilitating disabled servicemen, Civilian Rehabilitation is six years old this year and during its short existence has brought new life

and hope to thousands. Its task is to fit the disabled for full-time occupations

Rehabilitation first heard of John A. through the Department of Social Services. He was just a name on one of the many invalid pensions' applications referred to them John was asked to call at the New South Wales office in Sydney for an interview and medical examination

From the moment of his acceptance John ceased to be a name on paper and became a very human and personal problem for the highly-trained staff who helped him to reconstruct his life He was fitted with artificial legs and a hook for his right arm. Each day a special bus called at his home and transported him to a day centre where physiotherapists taught him to use his new limbs, walk, climb stairs, get on and off public transport.

Gradually John became confident of his movements. With the aid of his hook and the stump of the left hand he was able to clothe himself and get anything he needed around the house instead of experiencing the humiliation of being cared for like a baby

But there was still a psychological problem. Unable to support his family, John felt he had let them down. His son, for whom he had planned University training, would have to get a job to augment Dad's pension. His wife took over the home chores which had been his responsibility but, although she worked many hours much was left undone. The garden, John's special pride, became a wilderness of weeds

The occupation therapist who had taught him to manage with his hook and mutilated hand undertook the extra task of designing special garden and household tools for John.

The result was that although he was still on the pension eighteen months after his accident, John worked cheerfully around his home.

One day the vocational training officer with whom he had had long talks and whom he looked upon as his friend, telephoned "John, how would you like to go back to work in a printery?"

A small job printer had been found who was willing to take John on for a three months trial as a copy reader. The trial was such a success that John now has a permanent job No longer a pensioner he is the family bread-winner once more His plans for his boy's education will be fulfilled. Every day he travels to work by train and of all the commuters he is the one least likely to meet with an accident. He knows what carelessness can do.

John is only one of ten thousand cases which have already been handled by the Civilian Rehabilitation branch. Cases are drawn from the Department of Social Services' files of invalid pensioners, and sickness benefits and tuberculosis allowance recipients. All applications are automatically referred to Rehabilitation and if there is a chance that a recipient—who must be 85 per cent. incapacitated before he can receive an allowance—can be put back into full-time employment, Rehab. takes the case

Anything up to three years will be devoted to making one person fit physically, training him for a new occupation if necessary and placing him in a job. Pensions are paid during treatment and the treatment and appliances such as artificial limbs are paid for by the department

In six years Rehabilitation treatment centres have been established in all States There is nothing of the atmosphere of a hospital or institution about these centres. Many are gracious old homes set in lovely grounds and the very surroundings, giving a sense of peace and well-being, play their part in recovery

A typical residential centre for women is a three storey brick home on a tree-lined street of a quiet suburb. Nineteen handicapped girls live there in the care of a kindly housekeeper. Their spacious bedrooms, with three and four beds at the most, have pastel coloured walls and bright covers and drapes. Each girl has her own reading lamp and dressing table Each floor has a comfortable living room where they can read, knit or mend, listen to the radio or just gossip in the evenings They make their own beds and do their washing in a laundry especially equipped to make things easier for the girl who wears iron braces on her legs or is slowly regaining the use of a withered arm. Each day these women go to a nearby day centre for treatment and when they are able to return to the working world others are waiting to take their places

All centres have a standard equipment for medical treatment; physiotherapy sections fitted out with the most up-to-date apparatus, occupational therapy workshops for anything from basket-weaving and pottery-making to metal-turning and carpentry. Therapists work under the supervision of the Department's doctor. Centres also have a nursing sister in attendance and an education section for patients who are taking vocational training at the same time as their physical treatment

Already N.S.W. has three centres, Melbourne has two, South Australia also has two and Queensland and West Australia have one each. Melville, the W.A. centre, was an old Army camp until rehabilitation of the buildings and grounds themselves transformed it into a local showplace and an efficient centre accomodating 48 patients.

A group of naval training buildings at Jervis Bay, N.S.W., was converted into a residential centre for men. Set on a wooded headland overlooking the sweeping semi-circle of the Bay, the Centre accomodates 51

Harry N. was sent down to Jervis Bay for re-adjustment to life after his discharge from a sanatorium—an arrested T.B. case.

Rehabilitation took over where the hospital finished. Immediately after his discharge Harry was packed off to Jervis Bay During his leisure hours he could swim, go on one of the many outings organised by the patients themselves, or do his bit with the Centre cricket team

Physical culture sessions and occupational therapy built up Harry's health and resistance to fatigue so that each week he found himself able to work longer until he could go through a full day without tiring. The best treatment of all was his association with the other patients who were far worse off than he.

At Jervis Bay he made his first real contact in six years with the world outside Being a small community the Bay gives the disabled men an opportunity to mix with the friendly and helpful residents. Rehabitees are often invited to social functions and in turn organise entertainments for the local people. It gives them confidence for their return to competitive life.

Three months after the beginning of his treatment, Harry N. was not only in a physical condition to undertake light work, but he was eager to have another go at life. His old union solved the employment

problem. On having Harry's case brought to their notice they agreed to take him for on-the-job training as a winch driver.

Although the majority of cases require physical rehabilitation, there is sometimes a patient who requires more psychological treatment. Young Mavis R.'s own doctor drew her problem to the attention of the Department. She had suffered all her nineteen years with a heart ailment which surgery finally rectified. But Mavis had always been treated as an invalid. Even after her successful operation she continued to think of herself as such and her parents encouraged the notion.

She was, said a social worker, unable to do the most simple things for herself, and her personality was completely undeveloped. She was in such a bad way that she did not even take the pride in her appearance usual for girls of that age.

Attendance at a day centre took Mavis away from the hampering influence of her parents. For a few months she was given occupational therapy, learning to basket-weave and dressmake. Soon she found she was as capable as the other women and as her confidence increased her stunted personality began to unfold. She began to tidy herself, use make-up and take an interest in fashions and hair styles. Rehabilitation also arranged for her to complete her neglected education.

Today Mavis, who looked forward to a lifetime of invalidism, is just any one of the smart, young business girls off to the office each morning. What is more, she is engaged.

The medical and vocational phases of Rehabilitation are closely linked. The medical staff of the Centres see that a rehabilitee is as fit as his disabilities allow, assess physical and mental capabilities and hand their findings over to the vocational officers who then, if necessary, arrange for training in suitable trades or professions. Where academic training is required it is arranged with the co-operation of the Department of Education. The work of Rehabilitation is not complete until a disabled person has been placed in full-time employment.

Employment for the physically disabled is no longer limited to driving a lift. Since 1948 almost six thousand handicapped people have been put back into industry in occupations ranging from accountancy, bookbinding, cabinet-making, radiography and factory work, to secretarial work and over-the-counter selling.

Employers who have accepted the disabled have found they can compete satisfactorily with the able worker. Also the physically handicapped who finally get jobs will work hard to keep them. Business concern with two or three years' experience of disabled employees report that they are efficient and conscientious and less given to absenteeism or shifting from one job to another than the worker who has never known severe handicap.

Rehabilitation figures show that of the cases handled during the past six years more than half have been placed in employment. Of these 60 per cent. would have been permanent losses while the remainder have had the period they would have been without jobs and on sickness benefit reduced by as much as 40 per cent. By becoming wage-earners and tax-payers, rehabilitees pay back the cost of treatment in one and a half years of employment.

No statistics, however, can reckon up the renewed happiness, confidence and self-respect of the disabled man or woman who has been given a new life.

Pirates created havoc in Australian waters a century ago, many of them being escaped convicts.

FRANCIS MURRAY

PIRATES STRUCK IN TASMANIA

FOR a quarter of a century from about 1830, Van Diemen's Land suffered from a hazard of life that was inflicted in rare instances only on the pioneers of the mainland. The hazard was piracy.

Two accounts are given of a minor piratical raid on Snake Island, a small area close to Bruny Island, below Kinghorn Point in Simpson's Bay, D'Entreacasteaux Channel. Neither gives an exact date or the names of the pirates. Other references suggest that the year was 1839.

According to one account, an old soldier named Cole had settled on the island, his son, aged 14, and his daughter, a fine "strapping wench" of 18, being the only other inhabitants. At 10 o'clock on a dark night, four convicts beached a whaleboat on the island. The boat had been piratically seized by them on their escape from Port Arthur.

Snake Island has an area of about eight acres, and a house on it would not have been difficult to find in the dark. Cole and his daughter were sitting quietly by the fire and had no suspicion that four hard faces peered at them through the windows.

First warning came when the door was burst open, and four convicts jumped into the kitchen. The old man leaped to his feet, only to find himself staring into the muzzle of a musket, the only weapon in possession of the escapees. The armed man and one other guarded Cole,

This notice appeared ot a cemetery during the last war. "Owing to unemployment difficulties, grave digging will be carried out by a skeleton staff."

* * *

A man said the only reason his dwelling was not blown oway in a recent tornado wos because there was a heavy mortgage on it

while the other two compelled the girl and the son to lead the way to the stores.

Cole saw a chance, though one that might well cost him and his family life. A table knife had dropped to the floor unnoticed when supper had been cleared. Waiting until the gunman's eyes left his momentarily, he jumped in, knocked up the muzzle of the musket, scooped up the knife, and leaped at the armed convict.

Cole drove the blade home, severely wounding the man, but the second was rushing him. Cole did not have time to get the musket, he wrenched the knife free of the falling convict and drove it to the hilt in the body lurching at him. This man was so severely wounded that he died within a few days.

Before Cole could claim the fallen gun, the other two convicts rushed from the store-room, alarmed by the noise of the fight. Cole swung the knife again in a vicious stab at the leading man, but the blade was cheated of flesh, and the rush tumbled the old man to the floor. The pirates pounced on him, one getting his steel-hard fingers in a deadly grip on Cole's windpipe.

In despair, the girl attacked with anything that came to her hand, hurling pots and pans ineffectively at the strangler, but the boy rushed for a more potent weapon. Among his father's trophies of war was a heavy Maori club. Meantime, Cole's knife had been blooded again, though not on the man gripping his throat. The boy put all his strength behind the swing of the club; he crashed it on the strangler's head, and the man sagged limply.

With the odds thus evened, the pirates had had more than enough; they wanted only to escape, and Cole was to exhausted to do anything to stop them. They got away to the whale boat, the more active helping the badly wounded, and put to sea, but they were captured next morning, one cheated the gallows by dying of his wounds.

In the same category of piracy of relatively small boats were the pirates of the Leven. These were three escapees from Port Arthur who made their way in a small, stolen boat to Leven Heads (Ulverstone), where they were joined by Billy Rowe, a convict working as an assigned servant and daily expecting his ticket-of-leave.

After doing more robberies along the coast, the pirates seized the pilot boat at George Town, crossed Bass Strait, and landed at Point Nepean. They reached Melbourne, where two secured immediate berths to work their passage to England. Rowe and the other were caught and condemned to death for piracy; the sentence was commuted to the living death of Norfolk Island.

In 1853, Dalton and Kelly, notorious bushrangers, pirated a whale-boat on the River Forth, but they hesitated to make the crossing. At Ulverstone, they attempted to seize the schooner, "Jane and Elizabeth", but a well-armed party of local residents had taken refuge in it and had seized the outlaws' whale boat.

A bargain was struck for the return of the whale-boat, and Dalton and Kelly reached Melbourne. Dalton foolishly tried to cash some Van Diemen's Land notes. He was arrested, as was Kelly later, both died at the end of ropes in Launceston, on April 20, 1853.

More dramatic, but still in the escape category, was the piracy of the 'Dove" at Wynyard, in 1842. Ticket-of-leave man, Bradley, and convict, O'Connor, bolted from Stanley, determined on vengeance and bushranging. They robbed and wounded in hold-ups on their way to Wynyard, and they missed a haul of 2,000 sovereigns when a mailman, known as Paddy the Tinker, suspicious of their guns, bolted before they were within shooting range.

They were drinking in Wynyard when police arrived looking for them. They raced to the 'Dove', a small schooner ready to put to sea with a load of timber for Port Alberton, Gippsland. Bradley held the master under his gun, while O'Connor kept the police back until the boat sailed. Under threat of death, the master landed them near Port Alberton.

They were free in a free land, but O'Connor murdered a ploughman in order to steal his horses. A young man on a blood horse beat the draught horses to Melbourne, and police were waiting for the murderers at Caulfield. Bradley surrendered without firing a shot, but O'Connor bolted, armed with a single barrelled gun. A trooper ran him down, he risked life to draw O'Connor's fire, then he closed in and felled him with the flat of his sword. They were hanged in Melbourne for the Gippsland murder.

In an earlier era, female convicts on the "Jane Shore' corrupted the allegiance of the sailors and soldiers who joined the convicts in mutiny. A pistol ball silenced the opposition of the captain, and the ship sailed for South American waters, it dis appeared from official records, being disguised by the black flag showing the cross-bones and skull of piracy.

Macquarie Harbour figures in two noted piracies. On a voyage there on the 'Cyprus", convict Swallow led a mutiny, seizing the ship. They reached the Friendly Islands, Japan, and China, in Canton they posed as shipwrecked sailors and were given free passage to England. A fellow-convict, Popjoy, recognised some of the mutineers in England and informed. Of three captured, two were hanged in England, while Swallow was returned to Port Arthur, where he died.

When Macquarie Harbour was being abandoned as a penal settlement early in 1834, 10 convicts, four soldier guards, David Hoy, a shipwright, and Pilot Taw, master of the 120-ton 'Frederick', comprised the rearguard. They were ready to leave on January 11, the brig being then practically completed, Hoy had built it with convict labour.

A friendly atmosphere prevailed among the rearguard. When bad weather delayed the departure, Taw allowed the prisoners ashore to wash their clothing, while two of the soldiers went fishing, two remaining on board. The convicts returned in good spirits, and one of the guards was lured to the forecastle by their singing. He was seized and disarmed, and the convicts took possession of the brig.

Hoy, Taw, and the soldiers were put ashore with ample provisions, and the "Frederick" put out through Hell's Gate under the command of John Barker, an ex-marine, elected as captain. John Fair was mate and several of the convicts had been sailors Possibly they intended to continue as pirates along the South American coast, but, after a hazardous voyage, the brig was unseaworthy when they reached Valdavia.

Barker (occasionally referred to as Baker) proved himself as good a pleader as a mariner He appealed to the Governor, putting forward the threadbare claim that he and his shipmates had been martyrs in a cause and stating the true facts of the escape, it won a permission to settle in the Chilian province. Many of the escapees married, Barker, his wife, and children being occasional honoured guests of the Governer.

H.M.S. "Blonde", under Commodore Mason, called to take the pirates, but the Chilians drove back the armed boat that put out for the shore. However, Mason returned again, knowing that a new Governor was not so favourable to the escapees. Barker and three others, realising that the game was nearly played out, had negotiated for sanctuary, offering to build a boat for the Governor, They did, but they escaped in it as soon as it was finished The Governor surrendered the others to Mason.

At the trial in England, one of the prisoners raised a legal point He claimed that, as the "Frederick" had not been completely built, it was not a legal ship, but merely timber, ropes, and nails, therefore, the crime was theft, not piracy. An appeal upheld the point, but they were found guilty on the lesser count and despatched to Port Arthur to end their days Barker and his three mates faded from record

In addition to Dalton and Kelly, other notable, or notorious, Van Diemen's Land bushrangers either perpetrated or attempted piracy at some stage in their careers. Brady commenced his career of banditry, when, with five other convicts, he pirated a whale-boat at Macquarie Harbour, in June, 1924.

Late in 1825, Brady perpetrated his outstanding piracy by seizing the 'Blue-eyed Maid". When he was forced to abandon that boat, he pirated a sloop, but bad weather thwarted his attempt to escape from the colony to the islands of Bass Strait, where it was presumed, he would have thrown in his lot with the "Straitsmen", a lawless, loosely connected band of sealers and near-pirates, mainly escaped convicts and deserters, who made the islands of the Strait their home.

Early in his career, Mike Howe, also, attempted piracy, presumably in the hope of escape from the colony. In the first pamphlet printed in Van Diemen's Land, Howe was referred to as "the last and the worst of the bushrangers". There were many to follow his pattern, for he operated in the second decade of the century. One of his first acts on taking to the bush was to raid New Norfolk, where, a month later, he tried to seize the "Geordy". Carlisle, the owner, was killed, and O'Birnie, the captain, was wounded while defending the vessel Other settlers drove off the would-be pirates.

While most of those referred to, and dozens of other small-scale Tasmanian pirates ended life at the end of a rope, the old soldier, Cole, was rewarded for his part in the Snake Island episode He was given a grant of the island, rent free during his life and that of his wife Mrs Cole was still living there as late as 1870

CAESAR'S UNCLE influenced history

Caius Marius influenced history by his teaching of his nephew. History also recognises him for another reason

ONE afternoon over 2000 years ago, a tall elderly Roman was sitting disconsolately in a house at Minturnae, in the province of Latium, a large district of which Rome was the centre. But behind the misery the owner of the house detected defiance and hatred in the Roman's eyes

For days he had been wandering alone along the marshy coast of Latium, those same Pontine Marshes associated thousands of years later with a certain human bullfrog

The fugitive's name was Caius Marius.

As the afternoon light began to mellow into evening Marius turned to the fisherman who had given him refuge, and said. 'I'm beaten. But the gods will not allow Caius Marius to be killed or captured. Of that I am sure"

The fisherman looked out of the door, and gave a sudden start. Approaching the house was a soldier, with sword in hand clearly posed with a lethal intent

The soldier entered, like an executioner whose million was to be quick and sure But Caius Marius did not flinch

The shining blade was turned in the direction of the thick Roman neck. But it paused. Caius Marius pulled himself erect, to the full stretch of his six feet of stature, and with blazing, terrible eyes, he hypnotised his would-be executioner

"Man, darest thou murder Caius Marius?" he thundered, in a voice that shook the slim form of the soldier like a straw in the wind.

SPENCER LEEMING

The soldier (a Cimbri) shrank from his victim's terrible gaze, threw down his sword, and rushed out of the house. . . .

Proud of their brave refugee, the inhabitants of Minturnae took compassion on Marius, and placed him on board a ship for Africa, where he landed in safety at Carthage But not for long

The Roman governor at Carthage had sent an officer with orders that Marius must leave the country.

Marius left the ruined North African city and returned to Italy where, somewhat unexpectedly, he found himself acclaimed, and with his co-patriot Cinna he entered Rome in triumph, as the people's hero. But the patricians or aristocrats frowned and glared

Then followed one of the most sanguinary orgies ever known in the Eternal City. The guards of Marius and Cinna gloated over the triumphant return to Rome, and to celebrate the occasion they stabbed everyone who did not salute. The streets of Rome ran with blood of the noblest Roman aristocracy, and of fools who just stared and failed to raise a hand.

This was the climax—and very nearly the end of the career of Caius Marius, a man of remarkable quality who deserves a special niche in the hall of fame.

He was born in a village near Arpinum, Italy, in 155 B.C., of obscure parents. His father was a small farmer. Arpinum could be doubly proud, because the great Cicero also was born in that village.

Rome at that time had conquered the known world, and her legions were everywhere, governing and quelling at the point of the sword.

Beginning life as a ploughboy, Marius was soon enamoured with the glamour of soldiering and at the age of 21 he was fighting in Spain under the invincible Roman patrician and general Scipio Africanus, whose good opinion he won, so much so that Scipio promoted him to be an officer. For a pleb to become this was a very rare thing in the Roman Empire.

Though remaining a soldier at heart, and in fact, Marius began to cast covetous eyes on politics. He was shrewd and ambitious, and he saw many chinks in the Roman political armour which might provide him with his chance.

When 38 he was elected tribune of the plebs—the people's party. That was the first rung on the ladder of political power.

A year or two later he married Julia, a lady of patrician rank, sister of Caius Julius Caeser, who was the father of the great dictator of Rome and the world.

His marriage raised Marius into the highest circles. Yet, being a man of plain and simple tastes, and a pleb by birth, he remained a great favourite with the people. They regarded him as one of themselves.

Immediately following his marriage he was elected praetor. But Marius did not remain long a politician. The far-flung Roman Empire was seething with trouble which the sword could suppress. Marius was a soldier first, and a diplomat second.

First, he was dispatched to Spain to check marauding raids of a number of wild tribes

Then Marius turned to turbulent Africa where, under Quintus Metellus, he made war on one of his fellow countrymen, Jugurtha by name, who had become a despot and a traitor to Rome. Again Marius triumphed, captured Jugurtha, and escorted him to Rome, where the traitor was thrown into a dungeon

and allowed to starve to death.

By this time Marius was recognised as the ablest Roman general of the day. Whatever he undertook he did thoroughly and well. When a little over 50, he was elected consul, and was given a large province, that of Numidia, to govern.

But further and more formidable battles lay immediately ahead. Rome was being threatened from the north of the Alps by the Cimbrians and Teutons (both Celtic tribes in Germany).

Again Consul and General Caius Marius was called in aid. The seasoned old warrior who had begun life as a ploughboy mustered a well-disciplined army out of unpromising material and a demoralised soldiery, and he inflicted two decisive defeats on the threatening hordes.

Marius was hailed as the saviour of his country and empire, and was honoured with unprecedented splendour.

In his house in Rome Marius talked to his wife Julia, of his campaigns and triumphs, and his future hopes.

Julia interposed:

"You are getting old, Marius. Dispense with the sword and settle down, my dear. Besides, there is young Marius to think about."

A young Roman stood by, looking at the rugged warrior with worship in his eyes. He was only an adopted son. They had no children of their own.

A few moments later, another young Roman came walking towards the patio, past the olive grove and cypresses.

"Ha, Julius," the old warrior said. "Well met."

Marius looked at his nephew, and went on: "I was a ploughboy once. Now I am a consul and a general. Be ambitious, Julius. You have it in you. You are a patrician. But always remember that it is the people that count. Remember that."

Julius looked straight into his uncle's eyes, and pulled himself erect. Maybe it was at that moment that he made up his massive mind on what his future was to be. History told the rest of his story.

Caius Marius, senior, flung the long drapery of his purple toga over his shoulder, and went out, to transact certain business and receive further acclamations.

But his further hours of glory were not many. As happens so often in the history of great men, the green eye of the yellow god was piercing very brightly with hate and envy in Marius's direction.

An ambitious Roman named Mithridates had made himself master of the Roman province of Asia, and had ordered all the Roman and Italian citizens in Asia to be massacred.

To the intense annoyance of Marius, the Senate appointed his old rival and enemy Sulla to command the army which was to liquidate Mithradates.

Caius Marius went to the Roman Forum and addressed the people of Rome. Without a dissentient they voted him to be commander in the campaign against the Asiatic.

But Roman Law was the law of the Senate, and Caius Marius found himself a commander by popular vote, but without an army. That had already gone marching off towards Greece and into Asia, under Sulla's leadership.

Sulla's campaign was successful. When it was over, he heard about the usurper of his command by popular vote. So he marched on Rome with his army, to dispose of his rival. . . .

And that was where we came in. Marius had no alternative but to become a fugitive.

This Roman adventurer, man of great ambitions, and brave as a lion, though sometimes treacherous, had been regarded as another Romulus (the founder of Rome).

In two ways he was the architect of things to come.

Caius Marius was the first man in history to exchange a citizen militia—a spare time army—for professional soldiery. He founded a standing army the members of which had no trade but war.

Being a man of the people by birth, he used street riots and mob violence to supplement his work, but always by subtle means.

His work in founding a standing army paved the way for subsequent military imperialism and the consolidation for centuries of the Roman Empire. The idea stuck, with results that we all know.

Caius Marius did something else which, as it turned out, had a bearing on the future of mankind. He set a pattern for his young nephew, the man who was to rule the globe, Britain included, and set the seal on law, order, and progress.

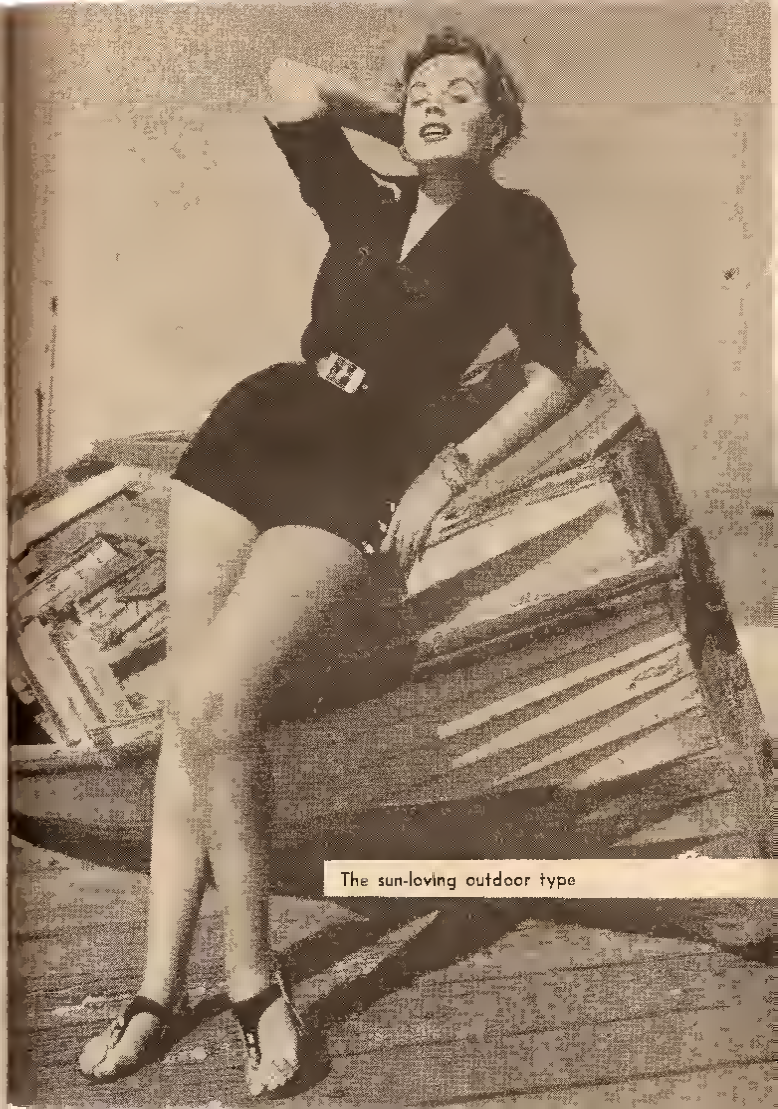
Marius was 70 years of age when he died of pleurisy. His nephew had learnt much from him, not only as a soldier, but as a politician, tactician, and ruthless dictator. As he sat in the patio listening to and studying his avuncular hero, Julius took it all in, and later improved upon the old man's theories and methods. Being a patrician by birth, Julius Caesar had advantages over his aunt's plebeian husband of which he was to make full use.

Julius Caesar always thought of the people, even in his most triumphant moments. At heart he was a popular party man, even though dictatorship became an unavoidable necessity. Those inclinations, without doubt, he derived from his uncle, Caius Marius, who must be recorded as one of the great pioneers of democracy.

"Just checking."

Patterns of Pulchritude

The exotic indoor type



The sun-loving outdoor type

Indoor or outdoor, it's the same to her.

"Let's get this over; I want to swim."

FICTION

PRIORITY FOR JUSTICE

Nothing could come between Sam Boardman and his vengeance — nothing but a little thing called murder!

FLETCHER FLORA

HE walked past the elevators to the stairs because he was going only three flights up, and he found at the last minute that he wanted to postpone his arrival as long as possible. On the third floor, in front of the frosted glass that bore the gold leaf name of Julian Kimmel, Attorney at Law, he stopped to light a cigarette. He pulled smoke deep into his lungs, telling himself that everything would be all right, that everything would work out in the end. Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

A blonde receptionist looked at him with cool blue eyes in harlequin frames. Glamour under glass, he thought, moving over to her desk. Keeping something fresh for after hours.

"I'm Sam Boardman," he said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Kimmel."

"Oh, yes." She brought the words up from the warm, moist depths of her throat. "Mr. Kimmel's expecting you. You're to go right in."

She got up to open Kimmel's private door for him, and he remarked in an impersonal sort of way the esthetic waste of keeping her behind a desk. Passing her, he caught the elusive scent of her perfume and found it vaguely disturbing.

"Here's Mr. Boardman, Mr. Kimmel," she said.

As the door closed softly behind him, he looked across the room at the man who was rising from behind his desk to meet him. The inspection was slightly disappointing. He didn't know what he had expected of Kimmel, but it was something more than this grey, spidery man with a thin, bloodless face wearing weariness like a mask. As Kimmel came closer, Boardman saw that the skin of the face was dry as parchment, covered with a complex network of tiny creases. So, he thought, this is Julian Kimmel. The great Julian Kimmel. The best trial lawyer since Darrow, without Darrow's handicap of ethics. He considered it interesting that Kimmel's voice was the oral expression of his face, like the dry rustling of old paper.

"How are you, Mr. Boardman? Do you know Mr. Weller?"

Boardman said he didn't, which wasn't quite true. Everyone knew Carman Weller by reputation, just as everyone knew Kimmel. Just as everyone knew Chester Dallas, who employed them both, who even now, in the isloation of the city prison, was the directive force behind their actions. Tall and fair and cold as stone, that was Carman Weller. A killer by trade and taste. He looked at Boardman and nodded. His eyes were sleepy.

Boardman felt foam rubber giving gently beneath him. He hung his hat on one knee and watched Kimmel resume his chair behind the desk. The grey little lawyer leaned back, his lids slipping as if from their own weight over his tired eyes.

"On the telephone, you said you have something to communicate which is of importance to the welfare of my client."

"Yes. To Chester Dallas, that is."

"We appreciate your interest, of course. However, Mr. Dallas's welfare is pretty well under control."

"He's in jail. Indicted for murder."

The heavy lids and the thin shoulders lifted in unison, as if Kimmel were shrugging himself awake.

"The District Attorney has overextended himself. That's what ambition does to you. He had nothing but the thinnest kind of circumstantial evidence. He'll never get a conviction on that kind of stuff." Kimmel permitted whisper of acrid laughter to stir past his lips. "Right now, he's wishing that indictment had never been returned."

Boardman lifted his gaze, staring carefully beyond the lawyer to a Gauguin print on the wall. The vivid splash of colour seemed strangely incongruous as background for the man at the desk. He wondered if it represented the vicarious release of the lawyer's soul, the framed symbol of freedom to a man chained to a success long gone tired and sour.

"If he had new evidence, it might change the prospect," Boardman said.

"That would depend on the nature of the evidence."

Boardman kept his eyes on the Gauguin, but now he looked through it into the drab second storey hall of the house where he had a room, just as he had looked into the hall through the crack of his door the morning Archie Harper was killed.

ARCHIE and Boardman had been friends for a long time. It was a friendship that went back to summer days and fishing poles and the bright dreams of kids. Most of the dreams had passed, but not the friendship. It had survived depression and war and all lean years.

There had been a time, after an accident, when Boardman had spent weeks in a hospital. It was a time

when he could not afford it, and Archie had paid the freight. He'd paid it gladly, at great sacrifice, as the privilege of a friend. Now Archie was dead, but the friendship was not. Neither the friendship nor the obligations and privileges that were Boardman's alone.

Archie had died a coincidence, minus even the small final dignity of intent. He'd stepped out of the bathroom at the end of the hall just as the man they had known in the house as Smith had stepped into the hall from his room. It was unfortunate that Archie was in the line of fire. The spray of lead that cut down Smith had cut Archie, too. It was regrettable, of course, but unavoidable.

They'd learned, after the police came, that Smith's real name was Chapman. That Chet Dallas had been looking for him to clear up an item of unfinished business. But only Boardman, who had been Archie's friend, had seen the shadowy figures emerge from the cul de-sac beyond the head of the stairs. Only Boardman remembered the twisted face of Chet Dallas above spurting flame. It must have been some business, to make Dallas finish it personally. Some deep important satisfaction to a man's sense of pride.

In his chair, Boardman shifted his weight, blurring the vision. "I was thinking of an eyewitness," he said.

For a moment no one moved. The tropical splash on the wall seemed to gather light, pulsing with hidden, couchant life. The bright colours hurt Boardman's eyes, and he looked away.

"If the District Attorney were keeping a witness under wraps, I'd know about it," Kimmel said.

"Sure." Boardman felt a wrenching tug of impatience, suddenly anxious to have it in the open. "I didn't say the District Attorney had him under wraps. I didn't say anyone had him."

The flat voice of Carman Weller took it up. "You sound like a guy with something to sell. Maybe you'd better talk straight."

"Okay. I live in the house where Chapman and Harper were killed. I had started to go into the bathroom that morning. I got as far as a crack in the door. It was far enough to see what happened."

"That doesn't mean anything, unless you saw who made it happen."

"I saw that, too. Partly."

"Partly? That's an interesting word. Real interesting."

"I saw the face of Chet Dallas. There were two other men. I don't know who they were. I didn't get a good look at them."

There was a tangible easing of tension in Weller's attitude. A vast and gradual relaxation. "That's too too bad," he said.

Kimmel selected a cigar from a humidor and went through the precise business of clipping and lighting it. The thick, aromatic smoke of rich tobacco drifted lazily from his thin lips.

"The police must have talked to you. They talked to everyone in the house. Why didn't you tell them what you saw?"

"Maybe I figured it wasn't healthy."

"Nonsense. They'd have given you protection."

"For the rest of my life?"

Kimmel's eyes flicked up, following the drift of smoke. "That's a point. But you're not making sense. Coming here like this, I mean. A frightened man keeps quiet. Why put the finger on yourself?"

Boardman shrugged. "I was just suggesting a possibility. Actually, I don't frighten so easily. The truth is, the police don't have anything to offer but a merit badge for good citizenship. Do you get what I mean?"

Weller's hard laugh cut across the exchange. "Like I said, something to sell. A smart operator shooting angles."

Kimmel made a soft gesture for control. "No call for personalities, Carman. Mr. Boardman has apparently come here with a proposition. I think it's only fair to hear his terms."

"They're simple," Boardman said bluntly. "A small spot somewhere in the organisation for steady income. A bonus in cash. Say ten grand."

"In return for silence? Not unreasonable. Payable when?"

"After the acquittal," replied Sam. "You realise that Mr. Dallas is the arbiter in these matters?"

"Sure. I think he'll know a good deal."

A bleak little smile crawled across Kimmel's lips. "I think so, too," he said. "In the meantime, between now and the acquittal, suppose you consider yourself our guest. Just to protect you from further molestation by the police, let's say."

Carman Weller stood, stretching like a lean cat. His pale eyes, measuring Boardman, seemed to speculate on future pleasure, presently denied.

"Where do we keep the guy?"

"I think Mr Boardman might enjoy the lodge. It's comfortable there, even this time of year. It would be wise, I feel, Carman, if you were to run him up tonight. You will remain to keep him company, of course."

"Kate's at the lodge. She went up when Chet was hauled in."

"So she is. Well, so much the better. A woman as beautiful as Kate is always a pleasant companion."

Boardman got his feet under him and elevated his big body. There was a hard band around his heart, a clot somewhere in his respiratory system past which the air moved with pain and difficulty. Beneath the euphuisms, he recognised the reality of his imprisonment. But that was as he expected. The beginning was his, and maybe the ending would be his, and in the meantime he'd go along to see.

"I have no toilet articles," he said. "No change of clothing."

Kimmel dismissed the deficiency with a gesture. "You'll find the lodge well supplied. Anything lacking can be sent up to you."

Broadman grinned and said dryly, "Thanks. Thanks very much."

He accepted the lawyer's dry hand and crossed the outer office ahead of Weller. The blonde receptionist watched them idly through harlequin frames. Outside on the sidewalk, Boardman looked at his watch and saw it was after five o'clock. The winter's day was already fading in early dusk, and here and there along the street the lights were coming up.

Weller indicated a green Roadmaster at the kerb, and Boardman crawled in. He lay back with his head against the upholstery, closing his eyes, lulled by the drone of the powerful engine, his tired body seduced by the fluid motion of the big chassis. Occasionally he opened his eyes briefly to catch the kaleidoscopic flash of lights beyond the window. After a while he opened them to darkness and realised that they had left the city behind them.

He tried to keep his mind blank, to let sleep creep into vacancy, but he kept seeing the end of Archie Harper in that dreary hall. Archie turning from the bathroom door with an expression of almost ludicrous surprise on his good, round face when the first shots crashed. The agony and bewilderment when the wild ones took him. The slow collapse, his body folding away from the door and down, his fingers clutching his bloody middle. An accident. A guy who just happened to be around. You couldn't even count him in the official killing score.

THE murder, Boardman felt, had laid upon him a dual obligation. Not just vengeance for Archie. Vengeance also, even primarily, for himself. Vengeance for the savage violation of the integral elements of his own personality. His conception had become a little warped. Perhaps a little mad.

Behind Boardman's lowered lids, the familiar red fire seared across his eyeballs and shackled rage tore at his chest. He lay back quietly beside Weller, waiting for the fires to bank.

After a long time, he slept. When he awoke, the clock on the dash was almost two hours past midnight. A moon had risen, lighting the lines of ancient formations and the black, naked gesturing of scrub oaks. They were driving through the incredibly ancient remains of Paleozoic orogeny that had lifted ragged peaks over four million years ago.

Now, the peaks were tired, recumbent hills, old even by the measure of geologic time. Old, Boardman thought, even by the measure of evil, which is, after all, a human concept and an infant on earth. He closed his eyes again and did not open them until the Roadmaster turned suddenly, made a sharp, rough climb in second gear, and came to an abrupt halt.

The lodge was long and low, constructed of hewn logs, clinging to the side of the hill like an indigenous growth. They went up across a porch that stretched the entire front of the structure and from which the screens had been removed for the winter. Weller's knuckles made little impression on the thick oak door, and he hammered with the butt of his automatic until they heard the rattle of the lock within. The door swung open to reveal a short, blocky woman in a blue wool robe. Her grey hair was twisted tightly in curlers. Weariness faded from her eyes as she recognised Weller's blonde face.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

Weller laughed, moving in. "Thanks for the welcome, Annie. You've got guests. Couple of men to liven things up. Where's Kate?"

"In bed. Where else would she be this time of night?"

"It's two-thirty. Is that late for Kate?"

"In these hills, it's late. I suppose you'll want a drink. If you do, everything's in the kitchen."

"Thanks, honey." Weller turned to Boardman, his pale eyes blank. "How about you?" And Boardman was aware with a small twist of astonishment that they had ridden together almost all night without exchanging a word.

"No," he said. "No, thanks. I'd like to get to bed."

Weller turned away. "Annie'll show you where."

The room was large and warm, and the bed was soft. Boardman found clean pyjamas in the closet and, trying them on, discovered that they were a near fit. Skipping the minor routine preliminary to retiring, he slipped between blankets and felt the luxurious mattress adjust itself to the contours of his body. His nap in the Roadmaster had done little to allay the exhaustion that had been eating into his bones for days, and his mind, relaxing, drifted free into darkness almost immediately.

He awoke late the next morning, snapping abruptly out of sleep to consciousness of his environment. Exploring, he found that one of the three doors in his room opened into a private bath. In the medicine cabinet, he found the necessary articles for a toilet, including a toothbrush still in its cellophane wrap. He showered and shaved and used the brush, wondering how much Chet Dallas sunk in the power plant and the pumps that were what made the place tick.

In the living room, Carman Weller was on his neck in an easy chair beside a fireplace of natural stone. He glanced briefly at Boardman and returned without speaking to a moody scrutiny of his polished shoes. Against the wall beside the fireplace was a huge radio-phonograph combination. A woman was leaning against the cabinet, staring down upon a spinning platter that sent the sultry tempo of a rumba pulsing through the room.

She was wearing a red cashmere sweater tucked into black flannel slacks. Red sandals were on her feet. Her toenails were painted the same colour as the sandals. Her hair was black, pulled back into a knot on her neck, and it indicated in its highlights a faithful brushing ritual. The woman glanced at Boardman and shifted the glance to Weller, waiting for an introduction. When

it didn't come, she said, "I'm Kate Adrian. There's breakfast in the kitchen."

Boardman nodded. "I'm Boardman. Sam Boardman. Thanks."

He moved into the kitchen and found the woman called Annie. Not effusive, but cordial enough, she supplied him with coffee, eggs and bacon. He was hungry and ate heartily, lingering over the coffee and a couple of cigarettes. He noticed after a while that there was a glass-enclosed porch beyond the kitchen. Crushing the fire of his second cigarette in his saucer, he got up and went out.

The porch was a kind of supply room for hunting and fishing equipment. A variety of fly rods. Lures galore and all kinds of tackle. On racks on one wall was a selection of guns. Boardman went over and lifted one down. Automatic shotgun, 12-gauge and a beauty, perfectly balanced. He ran a hand along the shining stock and lifted it to his shoulder, sighting through the glass.

"Figuring to do some hunting?"

Kate Adrian closed the kitchen door behind her, leaning against it. Her breast rose against the red cashmere, and Broadman gave her points for beauty, even in the washed, brutal light of the porch. He forced a grin on to his lips and replaced the shotgun.

"No. Just itchy fingers."

"You like guns?"

"I used to like them."

"If you want to try it sometime, there are shells in the drawer of the chest there."

"Thanks. Maybe later."

She dug a cigarette out of her slacks, and he stepped forward to strike a light. The smell of her was blotted by tobacco smoke, and he counted it a loss.

"So you're the guy who just walked in and put the boys on a spot," she said. "You're got either a surplus of guts or a deficiency of brains. Which?"

He shrugged. "Make a choice."

She breathed smoke and let it drift out. "When I heard it from Carman, I went for stupid. Now I'm not sure."

"I've got a marketable item. What's wrong with selling it?"

"Sure. What's wrong?"

SHE went past him to the glass and stood staring out. Behind her he admired the way her waist pinched in, her hips swelling just so.

"You lived in the house where it happened?"

"That's right."

"You know the guy who was killed?"

"We called him Smith. His name was Chapman. That's all I know."

"I don't mean him. The other one."

He remained quiet for a time, fighting the familiar reaction, masking the truth behind the careful lie. Until he saw her head turn slightly, waiting to catch his answer.

"We passed on the stairs. Sometimes we waited for each other on opposite sides of the bathroom door. You know how it is in a house like that. Just people."

"You saw it happen?"

"I said I have a marketable item."

"You must be a pretty cool calculator. Not getting noble. Not talking. Not caring if Chet pays."

"Pays? Pays who, honey? Harper. He's the only one who has any pay coming, and he's dead."

She was silent, red and black against cold crystal. Finally she laughed, and there was something in the laugh, something bitter on the tongue, that went beyond Archie Harper and beyond Boardman. Back through a lot of nice things that had happened.

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"Nice logic," she said. "I've used variations of it myself."

She swung abruptly, moving with a smooth scissoring of long legs to the end of the porch, where she stood looking out and down the hill toward the front.

"There's a stream down there," she said. "Maybe you remember crossing the bridge when you came in last night. It's clear as a mirror and runs very swiftly. In the winter it freezes only a little along the edges, it runs so swiftly. You look into it, and the bottom comes right up to meet your eyes. You think it's shallow, so you step in, and it's over your head. It's loaded with trout. You ever fished for trout?"

"No."

"The trout is a beautiful fish. It should not be killed to fill a belly."

He wondered what was behind it. The poetry about a stream. The business of the trout and killing. A kind of loneliness, maybe? Regret hiding its face behind a proximate symbol?

"I promise never to kill a trout," he said lightly.

She turned, staring at him levelly across the porch, and for an instant there was an expression in her eyes he couldn't identify. He thought it might be contempt.

"I'm not proselyting," she said. "Maybe I'm just bored. A woman talks too much when she's bored."

He watched her walk back through the kitchen. After a moment, he followed her into the house. In the living room, he found her beside the console again. Weller, still on his neck beside the fireplace, flicked his pale eyes from her to Boardman, a glint of amusement gathering in their shallow pupils. Boardman pretended not to notice. He chose a magazine and a chair and sat idly, turning pages, feeling between him and the recumbent Weller a line of tension that seemed to vibrate with the beating of their hearts. He wants to kill me, he thought. Even with Kate Adrian in the house, it's the greatest pleasure he can think of.

In the end, that atmosphere of tension, of events moving to a head, permeated the lodge and influenced all activity. A kind of routine became almost reflexive, designed to maintain a delicate status quo. Weller spent most of his time in the chair by the fireplace. Only his eyes were alert, behind slitted lids. He was a man fasting for an orgy. Kate Adrian was restless and took it out in rumbas. Once she asked Boardman to dance, and he did. The experiment was too successful for the end it might he expected to reach, so they didn't try it again. In the city, the trial of Chester Dallas got under way. Twice a day, the radio was turned on for newscasts.

From the beginning, the end of the trial was apparent. The District Attorney's desperate contrivance was tinder for a man like Kimmel. He sent it up in smoke. But they followed the formula, kept up the show, and after four days handed it to the jury. The jury wanted to go home and handed it right back, giving it a few hours for appearance. Chet Dallas was free and Kimmel had another one for the record. When the news came over, Boardman closed his eyes and pictured the lawyer at the verdict, triumph nullified by a grey weariness that could not respond at all.

"There it is," Kate Adrian said. "News, they call it."

Boardman opened his eyes to find Weller's on his face. 'They'll be up tonight," the blonde killer said. "Chet and Kimmel. We'll clean things up and get back to town." He consulted his wrist. "It's early. About ten, they ought to be here."

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Kate moved toward her bedroom. "Chet'll want to celebrate. We'll be up all night. I think I'll lie down for a while."

Weller got on to his neck again, and Boardman sat still, thinking that he had been looking for an end, and here it was. After a while, he got up and went out to see if the shotgun shells were still in the chest on the porch.

TIME crept. Weller sat on his neck, slit-eyed. Kate Adrian stayed in her room. The woman Annie did things in the kitchen. Just before the advent of the brief dusk, Boardman put on a coat and walked down to the stream. Weller made no motion to stop him. After all, where was there to go?

It was like Kate had described it, the stream. Icy blue, even in the beginning dusk, and swift, wearing a border of thin ice along its banks. A nice spot, Boardman thought, to cast a fly when the scrub oak was green on the hills, and leaves formed a vault above the water. He walked down-stream half a mile, perhaps, and turned back. It was almost dark when he met Kate Adrian.

She was standing on the bank, hands jammed into the pockets of her slacks, staring at the water. She was dressed as she had been the morning of Boardman's arrival, except for a pea jacket and heavy socks under the sandals. She looked as if she were waiting for someone, and Boardman mentioned it.

"I am," she said. "For you."

"You could have waited in the lodge."

"I could have. I didn't. I wanted to ask you privately if you're as big a fool as you're acting."

He shruggrd. "Probably. You asked me something like that before."

Shadows of dusk were across her face. "Look. I don't know why I concern myself. Maybe because you dance a smooth rumba. You think you've got a deal?"

"It looks like it."

"See what I mean? Like a fool. Chet's acquitted. He can't be tried again, no matter how much talking you do. It's a little matter called double jeopardy. Your goods were perishable, man. They've lost their value. You should have collected in advance."

He laughed. "Maybe I'm a fool, but I'm not that big a one. Dallas was tried for the murder of a guy named Chapman. There's still the murder a guy named Harper. Remember?"

Turning to look again at the water, now hardly more than a sound in the darkness, she said, "So you've thought of that."

"Yes."

"So have I. It's a very important angle. It makes you a menace. It makes Chet vulnerable. He won't like it."

"Call it a calculated risk."

She stirred, began walking up stream. "Okay. At least I tried."

He increased his pace behind her, taking her roughly by a shoulder and spinning her back into his arms

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During the rumba, it had been loose Free and easy. Now is was different, Closed up and locked tight.

After a while, she said, "Was that a way of saying thanks for trying?'

'It was a way of finding out what I've missed Now I know. Maybe you'd better go up ahead of me I'll be along."

He let her go, giving her time Ten minutes later, in his room, he turned on a lamp beside his bed and lay down He lay there for a long time perfectly still, trying not to think, trying to reduce by immobility the hyperactivity of his heart, and when the woman Annie came to call him to dinner, he pretended that he was asleep and did not hear.

Then he must have slept in reality, because his eyes were suddenly wide open, and he was aware that it was after ten o'clock He thought that he must have been awakened by a sound, and after seconds he heard it again—a horn on the drive coming up the steep hill from the road.

He got up quickly and went into the bathroom, splashing his face and the back of his neck with cold water. When he went out of his room, he saw Weller and Kate Arlan standing at the open front door like a welcoming committee. Their backs were turned Neither saw him as he went on through the living room, through the dark kitchen, on to the porch at the rear. In darkness, he lifted down the 12-gauge automatic and loaded it with shells from the chest. Then he went over to the kitchen door, cracked it open, and waited quietly.

He could hear voices in the living room—Kate's, Weller's, Kimmels, and a fourth which had to belong to Dallas. Pushing the door open, he moved inside and stood beside the kitchen table. The voices were more distinct now. From his position, he could see a table supporting glasses and bottles. Weller moved into sight and bent above the table. Boardman continued to wait until drinks were mixed and distributed, then he raised the shotgun to the horizontal and walked into the living room.

Kimmel and Kate saw him first. Kimmel's glass, on the way to his lips, stopped sharply, and there was the barest stir in the tired mask of his face Kate was stone, her glass held unmoving at the level of her breast Weller stood apart, just accessible to the corner of Boardman's eye. It was the fourth man, Dallas, who drew most of Boardman's attention. The face, turned to him slowly, was not contorted by the writhings of sadistic emotion, as it had been when Boardman saw is last. It was quiet, immobile, bold in its projections, hard in its planes. The eyes were dark, almost black, a little startling under hair going white. He looked familiar with a glass in his hand. Maybe he had distinction.

Boardman said, "We haven't been introduced. My name's Boardman I was a friend of Archie Harper's."

Dallas lifted his glass and tilted it "Oh, yes. You're the guy with a deal I've got that spot waiting for you Also the bonus."

Boardman moved the shotgun, pulling the edge of the stock up tight under his armpit. "That's light conversation, I guess Neither you nor I believe it The only plan you've got for me is Carman Weller in a lonely spot"

Dallas's dark eyes wavered, dropping to the shotgun. He tilted his glass again, quickly. "If I had figured it that way, why all this hocus-pocus? You could have testified and had it over with."

"I could have." Boardman paused.

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choosing with care the words he had been waiting to say. "If I had, you'd have been convicted and executed. It didn't seem right, letting someone else have the privilege of killing you. Like I said, I was a friend of Archie Harper's. It seemed to me a friend ought to have priority."

Movement registered in his eye's corner, and he swung the shotgun, the efferent impulse flashing his finger. The thunder of the detonation was trapped and beaten back upon them by the heavy walls. Weller, his chest shredded by the cluster, was dead going down.

After the first spasm of shocked reaction, no one else moved. Kate Adrian's hand was still raised to the level of her breast, but the glass was no longer in it. Crushed by a reflex, it lay in fragments at her feet in a spreading wet spot. Blood seeped from her fingers and dripped

"You're too close to Dallas," Boardman said. "I can't control the scatter."

She shook her head, lips moving soundlessly in her stiff face, and he said harshly, "Move away!"

Again she shook her head, managing, this time, to summon sound for her working lips. Across the room, Boardman barely heard it. "No. Not for a guy playing God. Like Chet. Like Carman. I've seen too much of it. It makes me sick." She paused, looking across the room at him, and pretty soon she said, "For a guy who wanted to let the law do its work, I'd move. For a guy like that, I'd move a long way for a long time. There's still the murder of the one named Harper, Sam."

"Sure," he said. "So what do I say when the district attorney asks me where I've been all this time?"

"You made a mistake. You've changed your mind. He's looking for a witness. He'll feel generous."

Bitterness got into his eyes, seeping through into his voice. "You're Dallas's girl. You've been his girl for a long time. You change like so?"

"Maybe not like so. Maybe it's been growing. And by now it's too late. You make up your mind about that."

There was nothing in her eyes but a look of quiet waiting, and for a moment he felt the ache of compulsion in his finger. Then the compulsion relaxed, and he heard his own voice, strangely liberated, saying, "Get a coat. We'll borrow the Roadmaster."

His eyes moved, encompassing the thin grey face of Julian Kimmel. "Kimmel will go with us. The District Attorney will be interested in him, too. Bribing a witness, I guess you'd call it."

Strangely, the lawyer seemed to be filled with the stoic peace of passive acceptance, as if the brutal climax meant no more to him than release from an intolerable commitment.

His bloodless lips moved faintly. "I'm at your disposal," he said.

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FOILED BY TIME

FICTION

E. C. MARSHALL

Locked in a windowless room, the kidnapped magnate still trapped his captor.

MOUNTAINS pressed on his head He could feel them distinctly For a while he had not even been able to feel There had been only a great instant of utter fright and alarm as something black, short, and straight descended toward his eyes until it seemed like a plummet of doom growing frightfully in size The plummet had blotted out everything Consciousness was extinguished

But there had been light Flashes, like fitful bursts of lightning seen through murky fog Flashes outlined against crushing masses of rock, thick, impenetrable, massive Perhaps the mountains that closed him in were made of rock Only rock could be that heavy

A thin gleam of light split the blackness Only this time it was not a visiting gleam The light stayed No matter how he strained his eyeballs behind their lids the light remained constant, steady, unwavering Eternal as the weight on his head

Could he move? A part of him was in motion. He was not dead His heart was beating Experimentally he tried to wriggle his toes They cramped up and down, cramped by the shoes he wore But they had moved.

His body? It was not easy The mountains imprisoning his head seemed to have rooted themselves about his middle Where were his arms? He could not feel them. Had they been cut off, removed as the climax of some surgical operation?

A wave of hideous fear swept him, as the implication of the phrase 'surgical operation" burst on his brain like a bombshell Trembling, he tried to sit up

His head and shoulders came up in a swift, forward motion as, caught in the grip of panic, he suddenly exerted every muscle, every nerve The split second of action seemed a hundred years.

The mountains, weight and all, vanished as his arms and hands, which had been covering his eyes, fell with a thud to the floor His eyes came open

He rose to his feet in a small, brightly lit room, took a step forward, stumbled, full length. In an instant he was again on his feet, violently shaking the man over whose prone body he had fallen.

The other came awake slowly, eyes opening with a sort of puzzled horror, then rapidly taking in his surroundings.

"Where are we?" The first man poked a finger at the walls.

"Blessed if I know, Martin" The other rose to his feet, brushed himself, took a quick look at the room

"Whoever it was got us in the car must have hidden in the back seat." Martin rubbed the back of his head "The last thing I can remember is turning into Market Street. Then

'Yeah, I got it too." His companion was rubbing his head

"Bryant!" Martin grasped his right arm violently "The conference! It's tomorrow! We've got to sign the contract. Or"—he paused—"maybe today is 'tomorrow'." He looked at his wrist watch. It was still running. Ten minutes past two. They'd started out from their office at noon How long,

Bryant looked at his own watch He shook his head "No telling how long Might be twelve hours, either way"

Martin took a step toward him "But we've got to—"

'We'll get out," the other asserted grimly. "Let's look around"

There wasn't much to look at. The room was small, possibly ten feet wide by fifteen long, windowless Its ceiling was low, no more than eight feet from the floor. The only break in the concrete walls was a metal door at one end of the room's length One look at the door convinced both men of the futility of trying to break through it without tools. Solid, of the regulation firedoor type, its fastenings were on the other side. There was no handle or knob visible.

The light in the ceiling burned on. They were grateful for it Without it, both knew they might have gone mad Time passed slowly, heavily Hunger began to grow on them. A panic took hold of Bryant. At first cool, almost assured, he began to fidget, stir, mutter to himself.

Only his voice broke the silence There was no other noise. As time passed, something else in the room started to oppress Martin. He did not know what it was or even imagine

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what it could be. He only knew that at length his mouth was parched, his stomach screaming for food, and his body trembling from head to foot.

As the hands on both their watches touched five o'clock, the lights went out. There was an instant of complete silence, while neither of them breathed. Then a slit of light appeared in the far wall as the door began to swing back. Just a slit which vanished as the light behind it went out.

Martin tensed himself for a spring, strained through the darkness for the vanished gleam. He leaped forward, collided with a heavy body, flung his arms outward in wild slashes. Behind him came Bryant, fighting desperately forward.

The pair pressed ahead for a moment or two, while great, muscled arms tried to restrain them. With a grunting heave they were flung back, while the beam of a flashlight flared momentarily. Martin heard a ponderous step advancing toward him, shrunk back against the nearest wall, side by side with his companion.

Again the black rod of doom loomed from behind the light, came up at him like a thundercloud, swerved and smashed into the back of his head.

Rough hands woke him next. He wearily opened his eyes in his aching head to find the room again ablaze with light. The figure that had been shaking him rose, stepped back, levelled a gun. Martin glanced at it through bleared eyes. It was nothing extraordinary. Just a man in a blue serge business suit—masked and armed. Painfully, Martin got to his feet, stood swaying. The only think he could think to do was to look at his watch.

Its hands showed six o'clock.

"Do you know where you are?" The words came thickly through the mask, tones muffled by layers of cloth. As it spoke the figure with the gun moved backward slightly, toward the firedoor.

Martin fell against the wall, remained there breathing with difficulty. He looked up, grimaced.

"Maybe you'd like to tell me," he grated.

The figure chuckled. The muzzle of the gun moved into line with Martin's middle.

"Why not? No harm in telling you now. Too late for you to do anything about it." The figure paused. "You're twenty stories above ground, in a concrete storeroom. In precisely what building is none of your business. The walls of this room are two feet thick. Beyond it are others — and other men. Escape is impossible. No one can hear you. There is no one who knows you are here."

Martin cocked his head. That strange impression again, in the absolute silence. Was it sound, smell — or what? He couldn't think.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked slowly.

"For the present, nothing. You'll be fed, of course. Later—another blow to the head, possibly fatal this time . ."

Martin leaped. Every ounce of power in his not inconsiderable body was behind it. He was weak, nauseous, but in that leap was the strength of desperation.

The gun fired, once, twice. Both bullets went wild. A third hit the light bulb. Then Martin's fists were smashing against the figure's chin. An instant later he had flung open the door, closed and locked it behind him, whirled to the left and dashed down a long passageway. At its end was an ordinary door. Trembling he laid his hand on the knob, pulled it toward him.

The soft glow of evening fell past the flight of steps that led from the basement in which he had been imprisoned and bathed his upturned face. Then swiftly and rubbing his

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bead, Martin walked up the steps, emerged onto a well-known and busy street corner in a residential neighbourhood and hailed a taxi. Noting the time by a clock in a store window he was hurrying downtown to make an appointment he had almost missed.

That evening at his and Bryant's club, Martin surveyed the circle of men who sat about the large table in one of the establishment's famous private chambers.

They were his partners now, he reflected, for better or worse, in a giant enterprise created just in time to save him from utter ruin. All partners. Jackson, the city's greatest banker, Hopkins, wealthy industrialist, Bryant, his own business partner who had separately managed to escape from an adjoining cell shortly after Martin trapped their captor in the original cell; Goldwater, eminent research chemist, Schroeder, affluent philanthropist, and Fownes, least known of the group, mysterious, supplied with money no one knew where from.

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Martin lit a cigarette, flecked an ash from his lapel. For some moments now the assembled company had been waiting for him to speak.

Schroeder poured himself a glass of water from the carafe on the table. "Well?" he demanded, abruptly.

"Someone in this room is a criminal, a kidnapper." Martin's eyes shifted purposely about the circle of faces. "Bryant and I were removed to keep us from signing that contract. It has to be one of us, for only in this group could exist the necessary motives."

"It's very simple, really. Bryant and I were slugged from the back seat of my car. We woke up in the place we told you about. It was a very silent place. The man who kidnapped us told me that the room was twenty stories above the ground. That was merely a lie. The walls were damp, not wet, but damp enough to have to be located underground. Although nothing could be heard, the vibration of passing trucks shook the walls. Not noticeably, not obviously. That's why I knew that beyond the firedoor lay a street and people.

'And your kidnapper?" Fownes' was pointed.

"He had a motive—a good one. Delaying the conference for many days by keeping me a prisoner, making it necessary at last to go on without my signature would have ruined me, without ruining him. A lot of money was involved. Millions, as you all know.

"There is of course only one such man. He was in that room with me and he hadn't been there more than two minutes before I knew who he was, knew because something about him identified him immediately. His confederate had brought me there. It was he who opened the door after Bryant and I first awakened."

Schroeder thoughtfully knocked ashes from his cigar. "You knew your kidnapper?"

Martin smiled grimly. "Let's say

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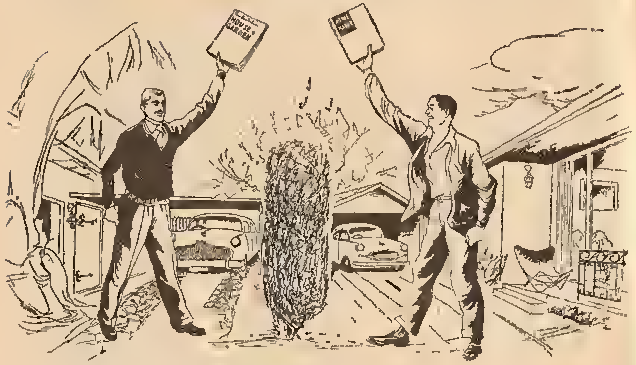

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rather that I knew the man who paid him to do his work—the second man in the room, the man with the mask. He was the real criminal. Dressed in a nondescript suit, muffled, absolutely disguised beyond recognition, except for one thing, his watch."

Across the table nonchalant hands poured a glass of water, dropped a pellet within the glass, unobserved. Martin's voice went on, inexorably.

"The room was silent. But there were sounds. My breathing His The tick of that watch sounded loudest of all. And I knew what it was when I'd heard it the second time—a big, old-fashioned dollar watch, the kind one of us uses from eccentricity

'A watch worn in the vest pocket of a man who had been with me in that room once before. A man who was an hour and a half late for the conference, because I locked him in the concrete room. He couldn't get out until his bireling had come and enabled him to change back to the clothes he wore when he'd stretched himself out beside me feigning unconsciousness He'd had a gun too, a .38."

Martin pluckd a lead slug from a vest pocket and threw it down on the table.

'His third shot, the one that shattered the light bulb fell into my coat pocket after it had hit the ceiling. You all know who uses the watch I've described, but only I know who owns a .38 pistol on a permit. It should be fairly easy to check the markings on the slug if he'll surrended the gun—now. As for the watch, you can hear it ticking right now, even in this room, if you listen hard enough."

Bryant's head fell forward. His eyes, bulging with the poison he'd drunk, stared hideously in the glare of death. Then the body slipped sideways and dropped like a sack of wet flour. As it hit the floor a shiny object spun from a vest pocket and shattered

A dollar watch

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QUICK QUIPS

THERE are simple but definite rules for good health. Early to bed, good food, fresh air and exercise will give you the joie de vive Trouble with the early to hed rule is that it makes a girl pretty unpopular and keeps a man out of circulation It may make a man fresh but a fresh guy often gets his face slapped With regard to exercise, some people are always in good shape. That is understandable, some people have no moving parts to get out of order

Many a woman who thinks she bought a gown at a ridiculous price, hought it for an ahsurd figure You have seen women wearing slacks. When a woman shows up in slacks, she certainly does.

But the difference hetween facts and figures is a women's girdle.

Women are always trying to look slender, but no matter how some girls reduce themselves they'll never be bargains.

Some keep their beauty for years, but no matter how well a woman carries her years, she's bound to drop a few sooner or later

When a woman dresses to kill, its apt to he by exposure. Doir, the fashion designer is a man who has women in the palm of his hand, although he could not he called a handsome man. Statistics prove that since he introduced short skirts there have been 50 per cent. fewer accidents. Why not go a step further and elminate accidents entirely?

Which reminds us, we were passing a shop window the other day and saw a sign "Girls Ready To Wear Clothes" We think its about time

Another store had its display window unfinished. In the window were four nude female dummies The caption on this unfinished window display read "Proper attire for your honeymoon."

You know, it takes very little to please a man who tells a girl he admires her bathing suit. But, jokes aside, a girl should wear just enough clothes to keep a man warm.

Mention of hathing suits naturally reminds one of beauty contests. A contest of this nature is very like a tennis match, only, instead of going from right to left, the heads of the audience go up and down.

Like the chap who was asked if he liked hathing heauties He replied· "I don't know, I never bathed any"

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